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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1899

WITH EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT
"War Preparations in England"

PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post, 9½d.



FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. MAUD

DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

Special Artist, now on his way to the Cape, writes from Lisbon:—"The last link with the shore was severed when the *Tintagel Castle* passed the Needles and the pilot went down over the rope ladder into his little boat which lay dancing on the rough water."

THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS: TROOPS ON THEIR WAY TO SOUTH AFRICA: THE LAST LINK WITH HOME

Topics of the Week

What are we ALMOST at any moment now the guns may be booming on the Transvaal frontier. The **Fighting** struggle may, indeed, have already begun **for?** before these words are in print, for the last efforts to preserve the peace seem to have failed, and the armies are almost within touch of each other on the Natal and Bechuana borders. Whatever may happen this country has no reason to reproach itself. A London newspaper has lately asked in a frenzy of well simulated bewilderment: "What are two kindred nations going to fight about?" It seems rather late in the day to ask this question, especially when the answer is written so large and so convincingly in the ample official correspondence lately published by the Colonial Office. The issue is a very simple one, but it is vital to our position as a great Colonial Power. What we are fighting for is the equality of white men within the dominions of the Queen. If we cannot assure this equality in every corner of the Empire, whatever the form of dependence by which that corner is attached to us, the justification of our Imperialism must vanish. Those who accuse us of a desire to encroach on the autonomy of the Transvaal, or to establish the supremacy of the British race in South Africa, are judging us by a music-hall standard of patriotism if they are not knowingly stating what is false. Since the Uitlander Question arose Her Majesty's Government have not made a single claim or uttered a single word which justifies either of these suspicions. On the contrary, they have disclaimed every idea of invading the just rights of the Transvaal in language which admits of no misunderstanding and with an emphasis which only the deaf can ignore. As for the charge of attempting a race supremacy, its very formulation shows an ignorance of the guiding principles of British Colonial policy. If we wanted to establish a race supremacy we need not begin by attacking the Transvaal. We might limit ourselves to our own Colonies and disfranchise the Dutch there or the French in Canada. The truth is that so far from wishing to place one race above the other we are only desirous of extending to the Transvaal the principle of racial equality which exists in Cape Colony and Natal, and which is a fundamental justification for the whole expansive movement of the people of these islands. But, it is said, the Transvaal has been willing to acquiesce in our claim. It has passed one law facilitating the naturalisation of aliens, and it has offered a more generous measure on reasonable conditions which this country has refused. These are arguments designed only to throw dust into the eyes of the public. Throughout the negotiations so patiently conducted by the Colonial Office, the Transvaal has not made a single concession to this country on the question at issue. It is true that it has passed a Naturalisation Law, but it is so drafted as to bring no real relief to the situation of the Uitlanders. Like all its predecessors, it is a delusion and a sham, and were we to pretend to be satisfied with it we should only have a recrudescence of the present crisis within a very few years if not months. As for the more generous offer, all that need be said is that it was accepted in its original terms, conditions and all, by Her Majesty's Government, but was immediately withdrawn by the South African Republic. These elements in the negotiations have, indeed, been only so many red herrings drawn across the trail. The truth is that the Transvaal has never intended to give any real relief to the Uitlanders, and that, as a matter of fact, it has given none. In urging their claims we have been patient to the verge of weakness, and we have now no choice but to employ coercion or to abandon the whole cause. Between these alternatives no patriotic Englishman can hesitate for a moment. War is a terrible calamity, but it is better than a mean tolerance of abuses which strike at the root of our Imperial stability.

Sitting on a Rail ONE of the most striking features of the present situation is the calmness of the political atmosphere. There have been times when the despatch of 50,000 or 60,000 troops to wage war in a remote part of the world would have made the occasion for fierce party strife. It looks to be a reasonable inference then, from the prevailing tranquillity, that the Opposition leaders consider discretion the better part of valour just now. True, Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Morley still harp to the tune that if "something" were done—a wholly indefinite something—something else of an equally vague character might, or should, or would occur. That is a safe sort of way to avoid self-committal, while at the same time giving the public to understand that if these oracles had been in office, Mr. Kruger would behave as prettily as a Sunday school pupil does when the eye of the teacher is upon him. Lord Rosebery and Mr. Asquith practise a different method, but with precisely the same purpose in view. Remembering Carlyle's oft-repeated maxim that "speech is silvery but silence golden," they leave carping talk to their colleagues, and keep their lips tightly closed. It is a politic attitude, if not particularly courageous or patriotic; surely, at such critical times as the present, the obligation rests on public men of eminence to speak out plainly and boldly as teachers of the multitude. They should take example from the Duke of Argyll; there is no mincing of phrases, no sitting on a rail, in his allocution. Perhaps, however, the

shiftiness of the Opposition chiefs is more eloquent than any amount of speechifying could be. They would not be chary of denunciatory talk were they not convinced that it would give pleasure to the very few and grave displeasure to the very many. And in that direction lies, too, the explanation of public calmness; nearly all of us feel that our minds run together on the question of maintaining British against Dutch supremacy in South Africa.

Successful Arbitration THE award of the Venezuela Arbitration Court is highly satisfactory from one point of view, irrespective of territorial losses and gains by the litigants. It gets rid, once for all, of an intricate question which, as we saw not very long ago, contained considerable elements of mischief.

No one will blame the Government for making a firm stand on what it considered British rights. Still less were Ministers censurable for resenting and repudiating the dictatorial attitude of the Washington Government. Now, however, that the wrangle has come to an end, it may be admitted that the territory in dispute is not particularly valuable. For the most part it bears the reputation of being as swampy as pestilential, while the gold mines are said to be of little worth except to company promoters. The arbitrators appear to have proceeded on the principle, not unknown formerly in Indian law courts, of "splitting the difference" between the claimants. The new boundary takes something from each for the benefit of the other; it is a compromise between the former Dutch and Spanish frontiers. On the whole, the balance appears to have been struck fairly enough, although the eminent counsel employed in the case will, no doubt, be of opinion that the Court did not give sufficient weight to their respective arguments.

Financial Prosperity SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH must be relieved from some of the mental trouble consequent upon costly preparations for war by the large increase of revenue during the first six months of the current financial year. This gain would, of course, go but a little way towards paying the whole bill; its value mainly lies in the open proof it affords that we have prosperity, both industrial and commercial, within our gates. At the end of the first quarter experts expressed doubts as to whether the augmentation of revenue then accrued would continue. All question on that point may now be dismissed; the gain is not quite so great in the second quarter as it was in the first, but the slight diminution is more than accounted for by the large quantities of goods being taken out of bond early in April, in anticipation of Budget changes. The duty paid on these supplies fell, therefore, into the first quarter's returns of receipts, whereas the goods themselves remained in the hands of distributors and so operated to restrict clearances of other similar articles from the bonded warehouses. It would be premature, however, to assume that because the revenue has come in so plentifully up to date its yield will prove equally beneficent to the end of the financial year. All that can be safely said on that point is that the same factors which have comforted the Chancellor of the Exchequer so far are likely to endure to March 31. Employment, both for skilled and unskilled labour, has been and is exceptionally abundant; the spending power of both the classes and the masses must have grown considerably, judging from the expansion of Customs and Excise receipts; manufacturers have their books full of orders at profitable prices; the general wage-rate is substantially higher than it was last year; best of all, there seems no likelihood of any widespread conflict between capital and labour.

The New Pied Piper IT is not easy even for the most learned of physicians, or the most able of lecturers, to find something new to say on the annually recurring occasion of the opening of the medical schools. But the first annual address delivered to a school which is to study disease from a standpoint which, if not altogether new, is, at any rate, one the stability of which is only in course of recognition—the standpoint of bacteriology—gave the Director of the Hospital for Tropical Diseases an opportunity of which he was well able to avail himself. Dr. Patrick Manson's discourse was of the mysterious scourge of "the Plague;" and its means of dissemination. It has for some time been known that a plague among the rats of Asiatic towns preceded an outbreak among human beings. Dr. Patrick Manson's contention, and those who are aware of his tried ability must view his utterance with alarm and respect, is that in every case the rat is the vehicle of plague. Just as the *anopheles* mosquito is susceptible to the microbe of malaria, and so can convey it to man (that, by the way, was an announcement first made by Dr. Manson ten years ago), so the rat is even more susceptible than the human being to the plague bacillus, and conveys it through others of his kind from sewer to sewer, from ship to ship, from country to country. An indispensable step in arresting the plague must be the slaughter of the rats. Dr. Manson can scarcely be wrong as to facts, but one cannot help wondering whether the slaughter of these scavengers of the drains might not be followed by other ills.

The Court

THE QUEEN's affection for her soldiers has been especially conspicuous this year by the honours paid to the Army. Her Majesty's visits to Netley, her presentation of a new colour to the Scots Guards, and now the presentation of a new colour to the Seaforth Highlanders mark the keen interest taken by the Sovereign in the men fighting under her flag. The Seaforth Highlanders, indeed, have a special claim on the Queen's memory, for the late Majesty presented colours to the 1st Battalion fifteen years ago. Her son, the Duke of Albany, was Colonel of the Seaforths at the time of his death. Appropriately enough, the Queen decided to present the colours to her Highland regiment whilst in her Highland home, so a detachment of 300 men from the 2nd Battalion came over to Balmoral, under the command of Colonel Hugh Maclellan. The Queen invited a few of the neighbouring residents to witness the ceremony, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught brought their daughters and Prince and Princess Leopold of Prussia. While there was a strong muster of young Princes and Princesses on the castle. After the Royal salute the old colours were trooped out, the regiment then formed three sides of a square, with the new colours lying on a pile of drums in the centre. Directly the colours were handed by Major Mackenzie and Captain Rutherford to the Queen, who presented them to Lieutenants Wilson and S. C. with a few complimentary words respecting the services of the regiment.

Prince and Princess Francis Joseph of Battenberg—who are such favourites with the Queen—have come to Balmoral to spend some weeks, while Prince and Princess Frederick Leopold of Prussia are also fresh arrivals close by, staying with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. The Prince is the Duke's only brother. The Hereditary Prince and Princess of Hohenzollern-Langenburg are still at Balmoral, but the Queen has parted with her York great-grand children, who have been sent south in accordance of their parents. The Prince of Wales has been over from Mar Lodge to wish Her Majesty good-bye, bringing Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark with him to lunch. Shooting and deer drives still occupy the Princes, and the weather having cleared a little the Queen was able to take the Hereditary Princess of Hohenzollern to her favourite Glassalt Shiel one afternoon, Princess Beatrice and her children meeting them for tea at the cottage. The Queen with the Princes and Princesses attended Divine Service at Balmoral on Sunday, the Rev. Colin Campbell, of St. Mary's, Dundee, officiating.

The Prince of Wales is the first to break up the Royal circle at Mar Lodge. He comes south at the end of the week, and for the next month or two will divide his time mainly between sport and country-house visiting. Next week he goes to Newmarket to shoot with the Duke of Cambridge and attend the race meeting, while subsequently he will be shooting at Sandringham. Most of his family will soon join the Prince in Norfolk, Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark coming back to Appleton Hall, whilst the Duke and Duchess of York settle with their children at York Cottage. The Duke and Duchess have spent a week with the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch at Drumlanrig Castle.

Our Princes in the Army certainly seize every opportunity of active service. Prince Christian Victor, eldest son of Prince and Princess Christian, is going out to South Africa among the specially selected officers, and has had a fair experience of war during his eleven years' service with the King's Royal Rifles. He was in the Soudan Campaign last year, came out unscathed from the Ashanti Expedition which cost Prince Henry of Battenberg his life, and took part in two of the Indian border wars. Princess Christian and her daughters have come home just in time to wish the Prince good-bye. They are going to stay with the Duke and Duchess of Portland at Welbeck Abbey next month.

All contrary reports notwithstanding, the German Emperor is expected at Windsor on November 20 for his visit to the Queen. The Empress is not equal to coming, owing to the late accident to her ankle. After about a week at Windsor, Emperor William will go up to Lowther Castle, Penrith, Cumberland, to stay with Lord Lonsdale, as he did some years ago. Thence he will go to Leith to meet the *Hohenzollern* for his voyage home.

England so delighted the King of Siam when he was here two years ago, that His Majesty proposes to return for another visit as soon as he can leave his kingdom. Meanwhile he has sent over his sons for a sound British education, another boy, Prince Rangsi, having just arrived with a party of Siamese lords. The Crown Prince, who has been here at school for some years, is going back to Bangkok directly he has completed a short term of service with the Army.

Young Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands is to be entertained with great ceremony when she comes shortly to visit the German Emperor and Empress at Potsdam. The Queen has always been a great favourite with Emperor William, and when almost her first State visit was as a child to Berlin, when the Emperor sent her a perfect army of tin soldiers in memory of the stay. The great feature of the present visit is the christening of the infant son of the Hereditary Prince and Princess of Wied, the mother being Princess Paulina of Wurtemberg, and the father Prince Wilhelmina. The baby will be immensely rich, as will inherit a fortune from the King of Wurtemberg, his grandfather, whilst his Wied family are extremely wealthy.

NOTICE TO TRAVELLERS.

"THE GRAPHIC," "DAILY GRAPHIC" OR "GOLDEN PEACOCK" WILL BE SENT POST FREE BY THE FIRST MAIL TO ANY ADDRESS IN FRANCE, ITALY, GERMANY, OR THE CONTINENT GENERALLY, FOR ONE MONTH AT THE FOLLOWING RATES:—
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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S GRAPHIC are as follows:—To any part of the United Kingdom, 4d. per copy, in advance of weight.
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Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND POST all copies so forwarded.

The Bystander

"Sand by."—CAPTAIN CUTLER

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

It was only the other day that an admirable hostess was lamenting the scarcity of dancing men in the present day, and was asking me what was the reason of it. We had a long chat on the subject, and were unable to come to the conclusion whether it was diffidence, or a lack of confidence among the young men of the present day. Shortly after the conversation, when turning out a lot of old papers from a large drawer where they had long been buried, I came upon a document, dated—well, no, never mind about the date—thus: "Received of Bystander, Esq., Five guineas for teaching and making him perfect in the five following dances—1. Schottische, galop, valse à deux temps and mazourka." It was signed by one of the cleverest little dancers you could wish to meet. This document awakened a thousand pleasant recollections in my mind, and I thought I would at once go and see if the pretty room with the faultless polished floor, where I had danced myself in days gone by, was still in existence. For I had danced ever since the time I could toddle; there was plenty of practice to be had in the children's parties of those days, but the alone object only referred to the attainment of perfection in the terpsichorean art.

Alas, I found the pleasant saloon was in course of demolition, and the smooth parquet, over which I had been piloted by my pretty little professor, was being ruthlessly splintered by a stalwart and unsympathetic navvy, as he sang, "Her golden hair was hanging down her back." I am persuaded that I took the right course in making this series of finishing lessons. A clever girl, who is an accomplished valseuse, will teach you much quicker and much better than all the Turveydrops in the world. Possibly in the period referred to we took more trouble to make ourselves perfect in the art, although dancing men were not nearly so scarce as they are in the present day. Certainly five-and-twenty years ago the opportunities for practice were infinitely greater than they are nowadays, and a man who could not dance fairly well was considered either an eccentric or too antique for a partner. There were many fine floors where the youth of the day could trip it to an excellent band for a small entrance fee—I could tell you all about these if I had space—and there were countless smaller dancing academies throughout London whose "long quadrille nights" were by no means to be despised. The columns of the *Times*, and other papers, were daily crowded with advertisements of dancing and its professors. I fancy all this it changed, and the "light fantastic" hardly held the high position it did formerly. Restaurants occupy the place of dancing saloons, and the youth of to-day dines more than it dances. This may account for the scarcity of efficient dancing men in the present day.

In these days when everything is being done to block out the air and light of the Metropolis by the erection of gigantic buildings, and when no opportunity seems to be lost of obliterating the historic landmarks and picturesque spots of London it is good news to hear that the Manor House, Ealing—a fine old structure designed by Inigo Jones—altogether with its finely wooded grounds of something like thirty acres, is to be purchased, and eventually devoted to the public, for ever. Those who know this neighbourhood and the property alluded to, need not be assured what an inestimable boon the preservation of this open space will be. The entire space bordering the Uxbridge Road between Shepherd's Bush Green and Ealing, which a few years ago was so delightfully rural, has recently suffered grievously from the craze for overbuilding. This quarter, however, has been unusually fortunate in securing open spaces, despite the exertions of Mr. Buggins, the builder, in other directions. Among these may be named the admirably laid out recreation ground at Acton, and the delightful and umbrageous Ravenscourt Park. The securing of this property to the public for ever was one of the last acts of the much abused old Board of Works, a corporation that accomplished two of the greatest works ever achieved in London, namely, the drainage and the Thames Embankment.

Can anything be done to mitigate the increasing nuisance of cab-whistles? If you chance to live near a theatre or a club, and it happens to be a wet night, you are driven well-nigh frantic by the perpetual whistling that takes place between eleven o'clock and midnight. Surely a cab could be called in less demonstrative and more dignified fashion. A friend suggested that such signals might be given by means of a bugle or a post-horn. That would be very well and cheerful if the instruments were properly played, but to reverse it would be worse than whistling. Anybody who has been in the neighbourhood of a mews, where a post-horn has been put into the hands of the stable-boys, will perfectly comprehend the foolish fanfare of frightful sounds can be evoked from an apparently harmless instrument by experimenting youth, and probably the performance by officials at clubs and theatres would be equally less raucous and unsatisfactory. The simplest plan would be to wire to one or two of the nearest cab-stands. It would be a very more expeditious and would be totally devoid of annoyance. I believe this plan has long been in existence in New York, and there seems no reason whatever that it should not be introduced in London.

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THE GOLDEN PENNY.

The Best Penny Illustrated Journal.

THIS WEEK'S NUMBER OF "THE GOLDEN PENNY" contains many articles and illustrations of exceptional interest. There is also a complete story of thrilling adventure, entitled "A Deal in Diamonds."

AMONG THE SPECIAL ARTICLES ARE:—

- HOW THE CZAR TRAVELS. Which, in view of the Czar's approaching visit to England, is of great interest just now. Remarkable photographs are given of the Royal Train, with some particulars not generally known.
- BUTTER MADE FROM NUTS. A recent discovery which may prove to be of great value.
- THE PATTERDALE PARSON. A remarkable career.
- LIVE HUMMING-BIRDS AS DECORATIONS.
- BIRTHDAYS OF THE WEEK.
- OLD ANCHORS FOUND AT PARKGATE.
- THE WORLD'S CONSUMPTION OF BEER.
- THE "AMERICA" CUP TELLS ITS OWN STORY. The remarkable history of the Cup is given with a drawing of it, and photographs of the men who have been most closely associated with its history. There is also a most amusing cartoon of John Bull with his eye on the Cup.
- THE BOERS' HATRED OF THE ENGLISH. A funny story told to the *G. P.* by a British officer, with photographs of Majuba Hill, Lang's Nek, and O'Neill's Farm.
- HOW THE VALE LOCK IS FOUNDED ON THE ANCIENT LOCKS OF EGYPT. Fully illustrated.
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- FOOTBALL. By ERNEST NEEDHAM. V.—On Training and Captaincy Illustrated.
- WORLD OF WOMEN. A Wash Tub Experience. Describing how a lady took some washing to one of the East End Municipal Wash-houses, and went through all the processes.
- TELLING THE TIME WITH BEANS. A curious clock, which shopkeepers would find a great window attraction.
- THE HORRORS OF ELECTRICITY. An expert tells *G. P.* readers how far they need fear.

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THE RENOWNED Z&O in a NEW SENSATION. THE FLYING ORTELLOS. AROS SHOT FROM A ROMAN CROSS-BOW. ANNIE LUKER'S GREAT DIVE. ALVANTE'S SLIDE FOR LIFE. PRINCESS TOPAZE. Weight, 15 lbs.; Height, 28 inches; Age 22. 200 ARTISTS. 100 TURNS.

THE WORLD'S GREAT SHOW, 2.10 and 7.20. EARLY VARIETIES, 11.0 a.m. ALL FREE. Including Z&O in the "SPIRIT OF THE SPHINX," PRINCESS TOPAZE, the Smallest Song and Dance Midget on Earth; the ACROBATIC BALLET TROUPE; the MARVELLOUS FLYING ORTELLOS; the HUMAN ARROW Shot from a Cross-Bow; Jeannette Latour, Ballad Vocalist; the VEZZEYS, Dog Musicians; Winona, Champion Lady Shot of the World; Clarke and Glenn and Sheldon, The Haunted House; Willis, Comical Conjuror; Swift and Smart, in the "Masher Policeman;" ANNIE LUKER'S Dive from the Roof; Professor Horace's Marvellous Performing Dogs, Cats and Bantams; ALVANTE'S Sensational Slide from the Roof to Stage; Grace Dudley, Serio; the Daisy Ballet Troupe; Louise Agnese, Irish Ballad Vocalist; Florrie Verne, Burlesque Singer and Dancer; the Charming BALLET OCTETTE; Judge, Top-Boot and Chair Dancer, PARKER'S Celebrated Jumping Dogs; Baroux and Bion, Eccentric Knock-about; Duval, Contortionist; Edith Syvestro, Serio and Legmania Artist the Sisters Jeanes, Burlesque Singers and Dancers; CINATUS and El Zamond, Hand Sand Dancers; Mdlle. Adelina in her Facial Representations; the Cassons Musical Vaudevilles, and a host of others. All Free in the WORLD'S GREAT SHOW, 2.10 and 7.20. EARLY VARIETIES, 11.0 a.m. 13 hours' continuous Entertainment for One Shilling. Children 6d. Come Early and Stay Late.

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CRYSTAL PALACE (10 a.m. to 11 p.m.)—SATURDAY CONCERTS (Conductor, Mr. August Manns), October 7, at 3.30 p.m. Vocalist, MADAME BLANCHE MARCHEL. Violinist, MONS. JOHANNES WOLFF. Pianist, MR. FREDK. DAWSON. For Programme see daily papers. CAFE CHANTANT, Star Company. TWICE DAILY. MILITARY BANDS, ORGAN RECITALS, etc., etc.

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WAL PAGET

DRAWN BY WAL PAGET

FROM A SKETCH BY H. EGENS

Large numbers of British families have flocked into Natal from Johannesburg, Bloemfontein, and other places in the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. In many cases, where the people come from outlying

districts, and cannot avail themselves of the railway, the journey is made in bullock waggons. There is much distress among the refugees, and local relief committees have been formed to afford them assistance

THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS: THE EXODUS OF BRITISH SUBJECTS FROM BOER TERRITORY



ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGES SCOTT

FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY M. HURET

CAPTAIN ALFRED DREYFUS WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN IN THE GARDEN OF THEIR HOUSE AT CARPENTRAS

AFTER FIVE YEARS: RE-UNITED

"Place aux Dames"

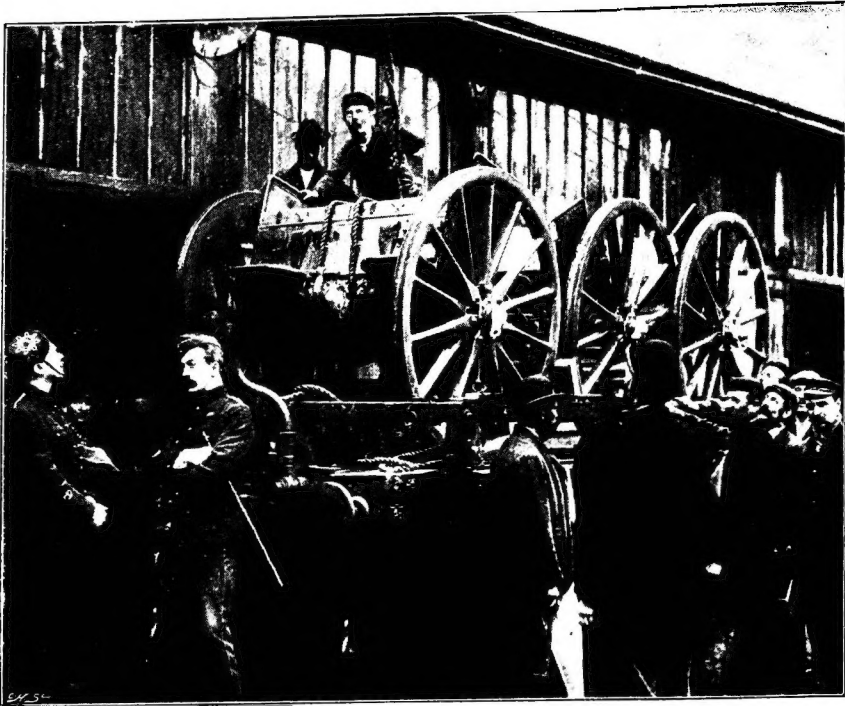
By Lady Violet Greville

THE family motor-car, in which one can start off for a round of visits, appears to be gaining in popularity. Sir Francis and Lady Jeune have one, Mr. and Lady Helen Munro-Fergusson drive constantly about the lovely roads of Scotland in another. A certain charm hangs about these wanderings. One need keep no time of trains, give no thought to weary horses or frequent baiting-spots. The small modicum of luggage necessary can be taken with one, and the prettiest scenery or best roads chosen. It forms a sort of ideal driving tour, and as such no doubt gives rest and refreshment to the overworked and a certain spice of excitement to the driver. But the chief end and object of the motor must surely be to convey heavy weights. I am glad to see the motor omnibus will shortly be introduced in London, and thus the sad sight of over-weighted horses and daily struggles and falls on the slippery pavement, which made a walk in town a painful spectacle to sympathising hearts, be agreeably obviated. No doubt the motor omnibus will arrange regular stopping-places, and not pull up every minute to suit the caprices of elderly ladies, as did—and does—the old-fashioned omnibus, with small regard to the comfort of the horses.

The English, as a nation, are often accused of wasting food, and in some respects it is true that we do despise the goods the gods provide. Just now the lanes in England are garnished with trailing branches of bramble, whence hang bunches of most delectable blackberries, wasting their sweetness on the desert air, and only appreciated by a few vagrant cyclists. Barberries there are too, lips and haws excellent in jelly, and elderberries ready to provide a grateful hot drink for the winter. But the blackberries in themselves stand for a fortune. The hot summer has ripened and swelled them. They are fat and large and juicy, yet there they hang neglected. An excellent trade might be driven in these wild berries, bringing in money and pleasure to village folk, for every child loves blackberry jam, and blackberry pudding is food for the gods when eaten with thick yellow cream. Here is a clear case of wastefulness. Butter is dear, sugar is cheap, and there are heaps of luscious blackberries only waiting to be picked. In the same way we neglect lime blossom and marsh mallow, and many other wild flowers, of which the French make excellent and healing tisanes.

Had Lady Harborton needed an object-lesson to emphasise her remarks on the inconvenience of petticoats, she might have found it in the experiences of the English ladies during the recent earthquake in India. The rain fell so heavily that the weight of their petticoats when they were seeking help and shelter under difficulties was so great that they were almost pulled back by them, and added immensely to the fatigue and danger of the situation. Anyone who has ridden in a drenching rain can endorse the remark, for a soaked riding habit is one of the heaviest and most uncomfortable

In Oriental countries one has only friends or enemies. In England we have acquaintances, for one friend a dozen acquaintances, all more or less uninteresting. Yet, by a strange anomaly, we do far more for our acquaintances than for our friends. We consult their views, conform to their tastes, modify our own to their opinions, and put a constant constraint on our actions. In all the innumerable letters that appeared recently about the "Keeping up appearances" thread that ran through the social context, Keeping up appearances, meant "What will our acquaintances say?" Enemies invariably carp, but friends would not be friends if we needed to them. In their eyes, but it is the acquaintances that are our bugbears, the fetish to whom women sacrifice. That we should not be taken unawares, with the point in our armour visible, with our hair uncombed, or in our second best gown, in the terrors of the unexpected, or writhing under the infliction of a bad cook when entertaining acquaintances, these are the devout prayers of every self-respecting woman. What the world will say, what is fitting, what is expedient, as St. Paul would put it, all these thoughts refer simply and solely to our acquaintances. Let them only be satisfied and the world will be well with us. Yet, what after all are the sweet uses of acquaintances? We do not trust them, we do not love them; they are not a part of our life, of our hearts; they will not help in troubles, they desire us in poverty, yet for them we cheerfully sacrifice time, money, and inclination.



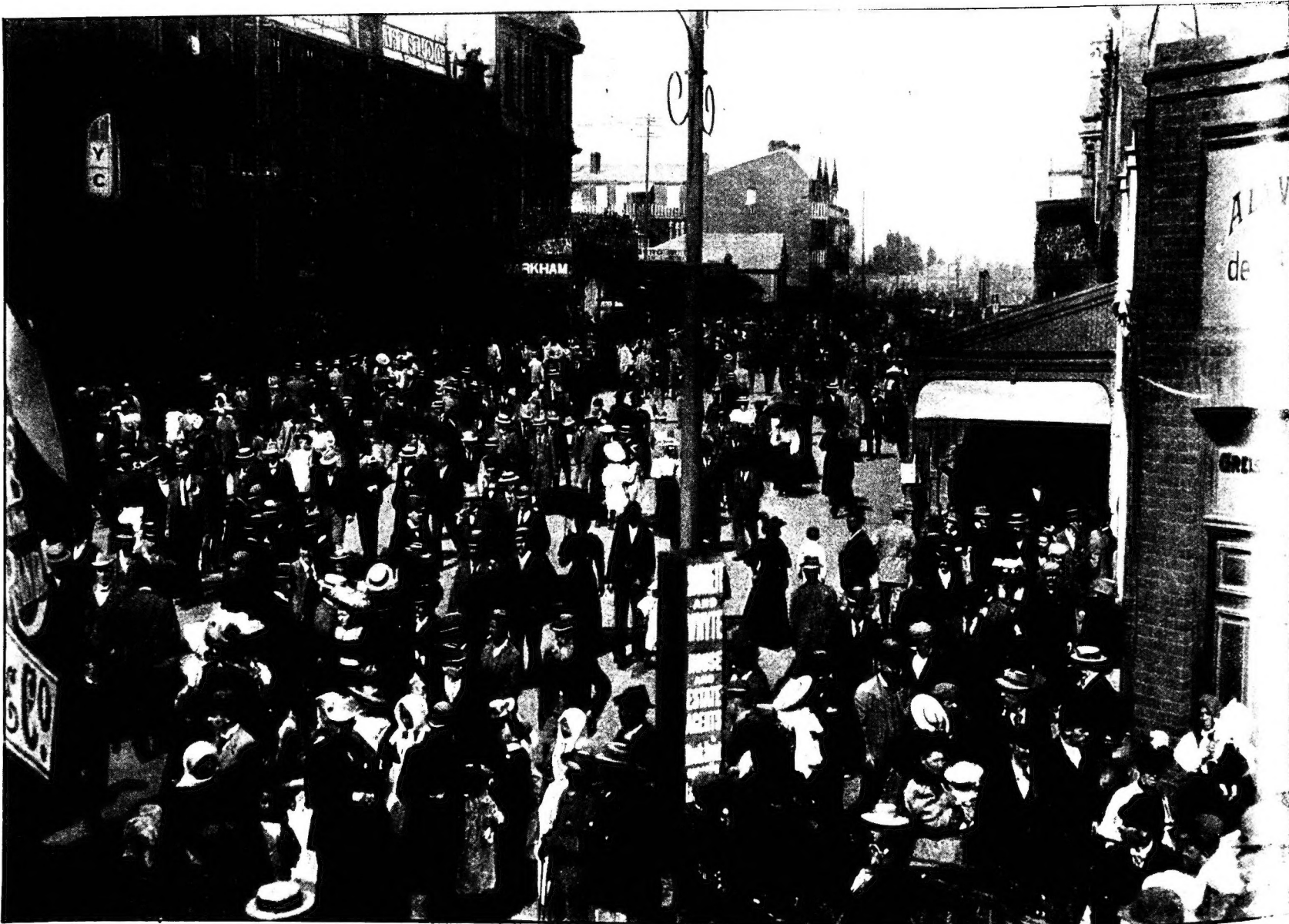
The Ammunition Column, under Major E. S. May, R.H.A., left for South Africa on the ss. *Gaika*, last Saturday, with 56 horses and 38 waggons

SHIPPING AMMUNITION WAGGONS AT SOUTHAMPTON
From a Photograph by W. Gregory and Co., Strand

things possible. There is no doubt the petticoat is an elegant luxury, a charming drapery, but an extremely inconvenient article in which to take strong exercise or endure fatigue. Who that has watched a petticoat drying on a string, and swaying to and fro beneath the artful caresses of the wind, has not been convinced of the strange witchery of the garment? How it swells and puffs and dances and dangles with grotesque intention and diabolical ingenuity, and how it resembles in its antics the very woman of our acquaintance bobbing and rising with an irony of elegantly subtle deportment?

Dresses this winter will lose their extreme flatness at the back. The box pleat is to be adopted, melting into fulness half down the skirt. The trains are long and spoon-shaped for evening wear, and much be-ruffled and be-trimmed. In fact, dress is destined to be more expensive than ever, the constant change of style and shape alone increasing the cost. Fine-faced cloths will carry away the palm for popularity in morning dress, while knotted fringe and shaded velvets form the greatest novelty. The style still inclines to the Directoire, one of the prettiest and most picturesque modes ever invented.

Here are the true recipes for *kahabs* and *pillau*, the national dishes of Persia, of which we sometimes see a faint imitation in our own *cuisine*. The *kahabs* are "six little strips of very finely minced and pounded meat, already spiced and flavoured with herbs with just a suspicion of garlic, and then delicately toasted to a pale brown over a fierce charcoal fire; finally they are sprinkled with dried pounded sorrel, and served with a handful of fresh mint. These little skewers of meat are sold in the bazaar for a farthing each. They are then placed inside a flat loaf, fresh from the oven, which keeps the delicacy warm, and so they are eaten piping hot." Mutton in Persia only costs twopence a pound.



PRITCHARD STREET DURING BUSINESS HOURS IN ORDINARY TIMES

THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS: THE EFFECT OF THE WAR SCARE ON JOHANNESBURG

From an old Photograph by Horace W. Nichol's, Johannesburg

Pudding is made by boiling a fowl till it crumbles at the smallest touch, the skin being it on a dish and covering it with a mound of white rice, to which are added crisply fried raisins and oranges, which cover the whole is poured a small quantity of richly browned butter. With this dish is served a sweet made of half a gill of port wine flavoured with white wine vinegar and foiled till it assumes the consistency of syrup. On this is poured a quantity of water, and the mixture is set in a dish filled with melting snow in order to cool it.

Norwich Triennial Festival

The Norwich Festival opened on Tuesday with Berlioz' *Faust*, with a strong cast, announced to include Madame Allani, Messrs. Lloyd and Andrew Lloyd. On the Wednesday there was a miscellaneous programme, including Schubert's Unfinished Symphony in B minor, Dvorak's Five Biblical Songs (already well known in London, and now announced to be sung by Miss Clara Butt), and Verdi's *Stabat Mater*, *Pastor of the Virgin*, and *Te Deum*, which have already been heard at Gloucester, London, and elsewhere. Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise* closed the programme, and in the evening Dr. Saint Saëns' *Samson and Delilah* was announced to be performed in concert fashion, with Miss Brema, Messrs. Lloyd, Andrew Lloyd, and Discham as chief artists. On Thursday, apart from the novelties, the programmes included Elgar's *Lux Christi*, Sir Hubert Parry's "Song of Darkness and Light," Tchaikowsky's "Symphonie Pathétique," Cowen's "Ode to the Passions" and "Dream of Endymion," and various smaller works. All of these, of course, are known to amateurs generally, and further description would be superfluous. The programme on Friday morning was devoted to *Masada*, and in the evening the Festival was announced to con-

clude with Mr. Coleridge-Taylor's *Hiwatha's Widdling Feast* (now provided with a new overture), and a Wagner selection. The first of the Norwich Festival novelties was *The Passion of Christ*, by Don Lorenzo Perosi, the first of the series of oratorios

a week or two since at Como. *The Passion*, indeed, shows the art of Perosi in its least experienced state, although the work may be interesting as indicating that in general outline, the form of his oratorios (as exemplified by those which were heard at Queen's Hall last May) was settled at the outset of his career.

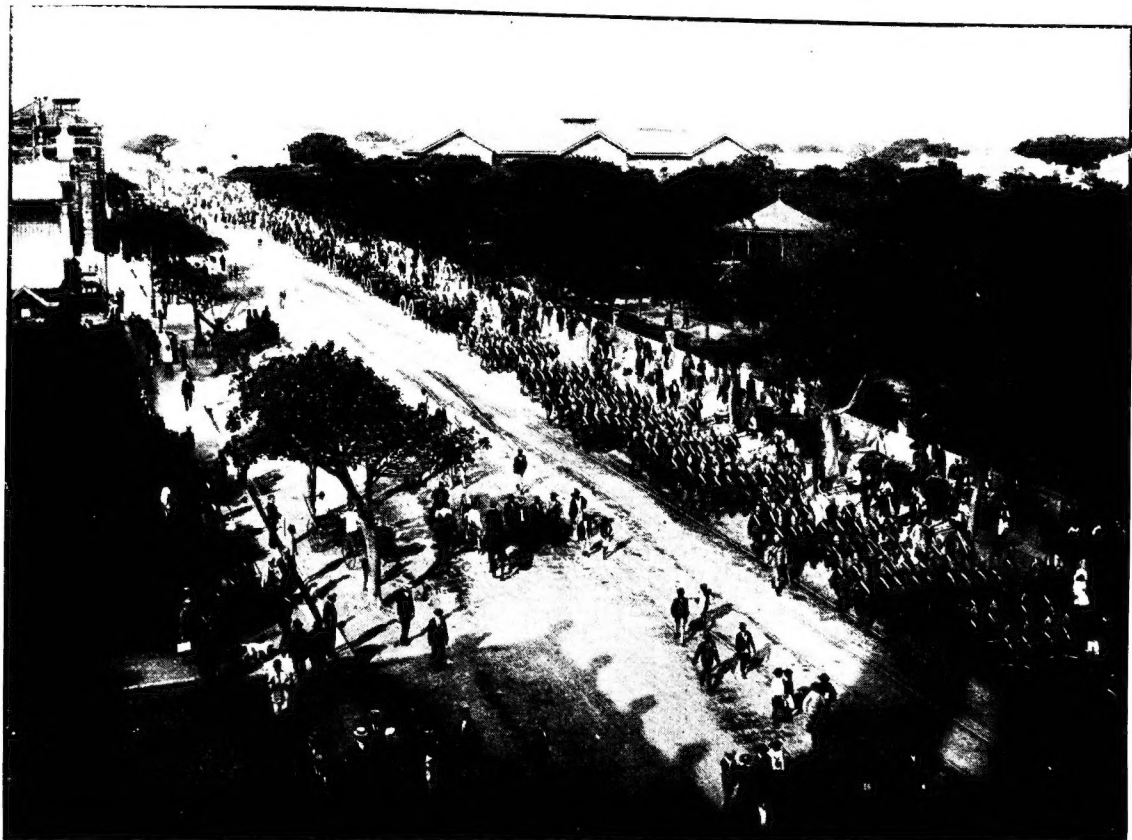
Mr. Edward Elgar contributed to the Norwich Festival a cycle of five songs entitled "Sea Pictures," composed expressly for Miss Clara Butt, and sung by that eminent contralto, who, by the way, next week will start upon a tour of the United States. Mr. Elgar's songs are short, but very musicianly.

Mr. Edward German contributed to the Norwich Festival a Symphonic Poem, entitled "The Seasons." Not being strictly in "form," and being, indeed, of a somewhat slight character, this work is rightly called a "Suite," although it is in the regular four movements of a symphony, the first, entitled "Spring," being bright and joyous enough, while the second, or "Summer" section, is a harvest dance. This section, which stands, of course, in place of the usual Scherzo, is likely to be very popular. The third, entitled "Autumn," is the slow movement, and is of a melodious character: while the work effectively ends with a number entitled "Winter," intended to depict the gaiety of Christmastide.

QUEEN'S HALL PROMENADE CONCERTS

There was quite a popular and patriotic demonstration at the Queen's Hall Concert on Saturday, excited by the late Fred Godfrey's orchestral *pot pourri*, entitled "Reminiscences of England." This piece, it will be remembered, introduces several National tunes, amongst others Arne's air, "Rule Britannia," which

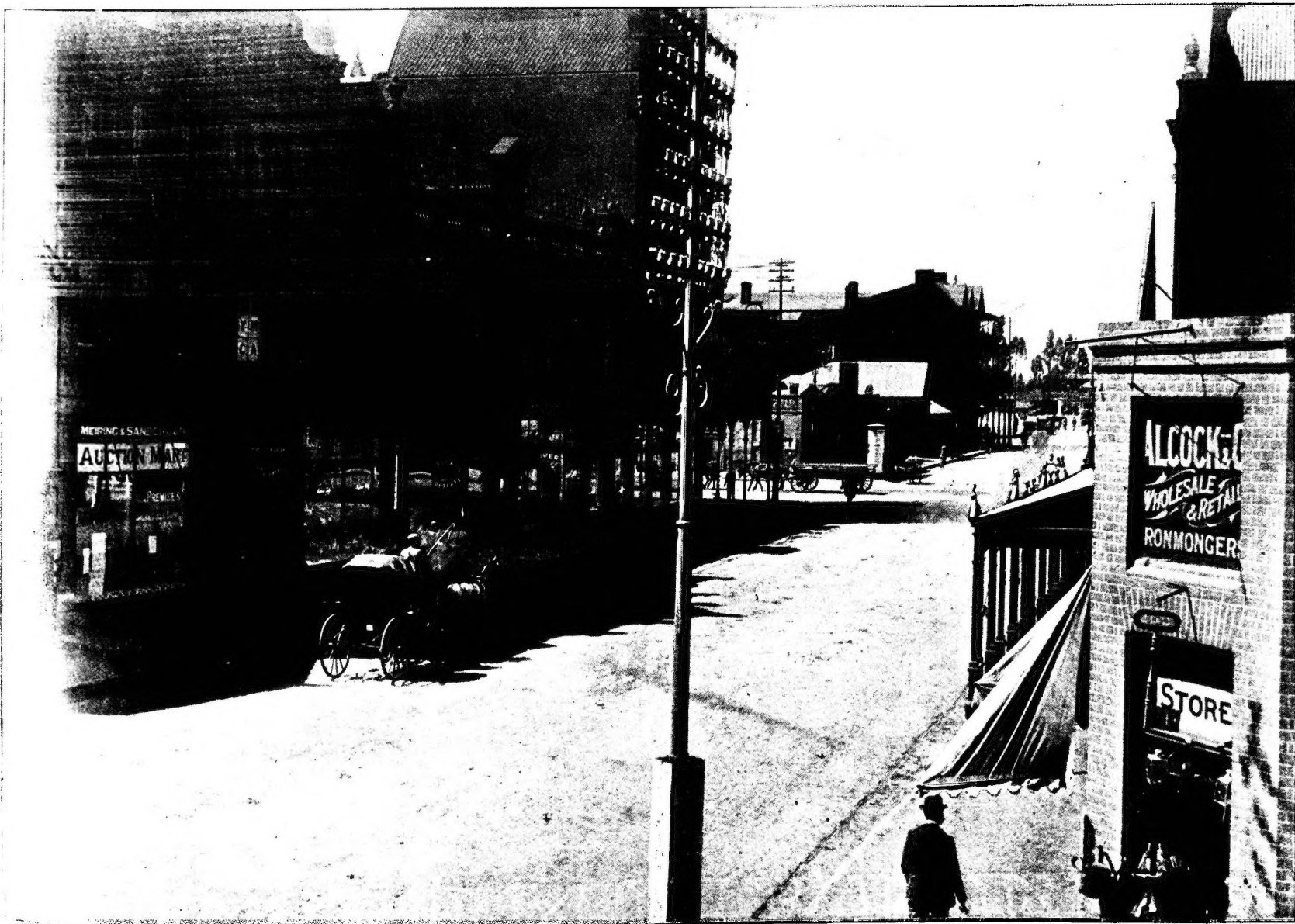
was taken up by the audience, who vociferously applauded, had the song encored three times, and joined heartily in the refrain. Afterwards they sang "God Save the Queen," and, indeed, the demonstration was so pronounced and the music was so obviously to the taste of a popular audience at war time, that Mr. Newman resolved to repeat it every night this week.



"Durban volunteers are greatly excited at the prospect of being ordered to the frontier, and were ready," writes a Durban correspondent, "to proceed at an hour's notice. Not an evening passes but a drill or parade of some description takes place, and there is no doubt from the enthusiasm shown that they are ready to give a good account of themselves." Our photograph, which is by Wallace Bradley, represents a parade of the Durban Light Infantry and the Durban Field Artillery.

THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS: PARADE OF VOLUNTEERS AT DURBAN

which the young Italian priest last year undertook to write upon the life and career of our Saviour. The Norwich Committee somewhat hurriedly accepted this work at the commencement of the Perosi craze last spring, although it would, of course, have been much better had they waited to secure the latest of the Italian master's compositions, namely, *The Nativity*, which was produced



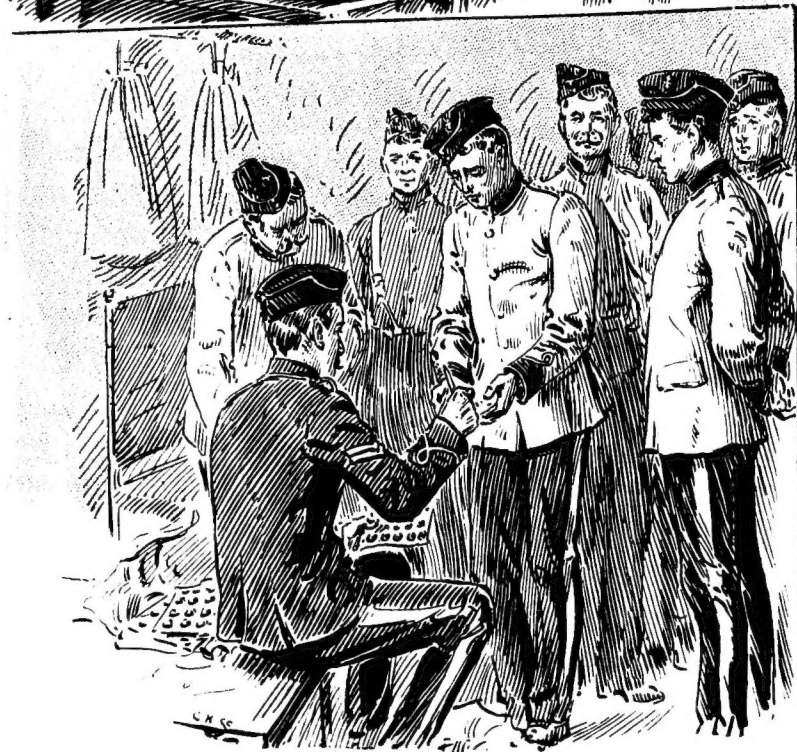
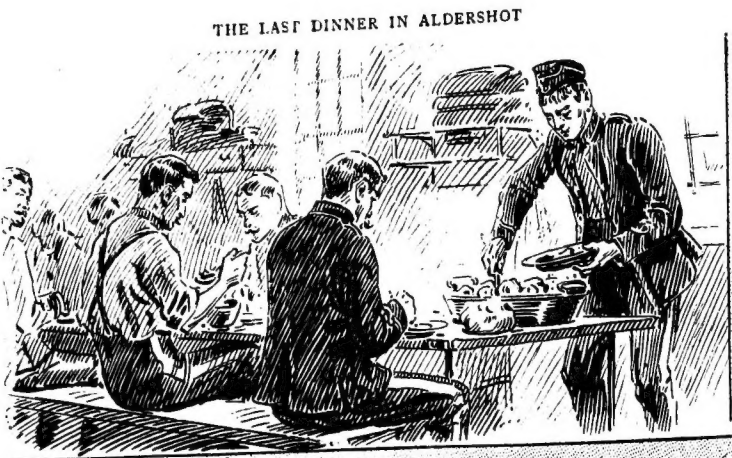
PRITCHARD STREET DURING BUSINESS HOURS TO-DAY

THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS: THE EFFECT OF THE WAR SCARE ON JOHANNESBURG

From a recent Photograph by Horace W. Nicholls, Johannesburg

WRITING HOME

THE LAST DINNER IN ALDERSHOT



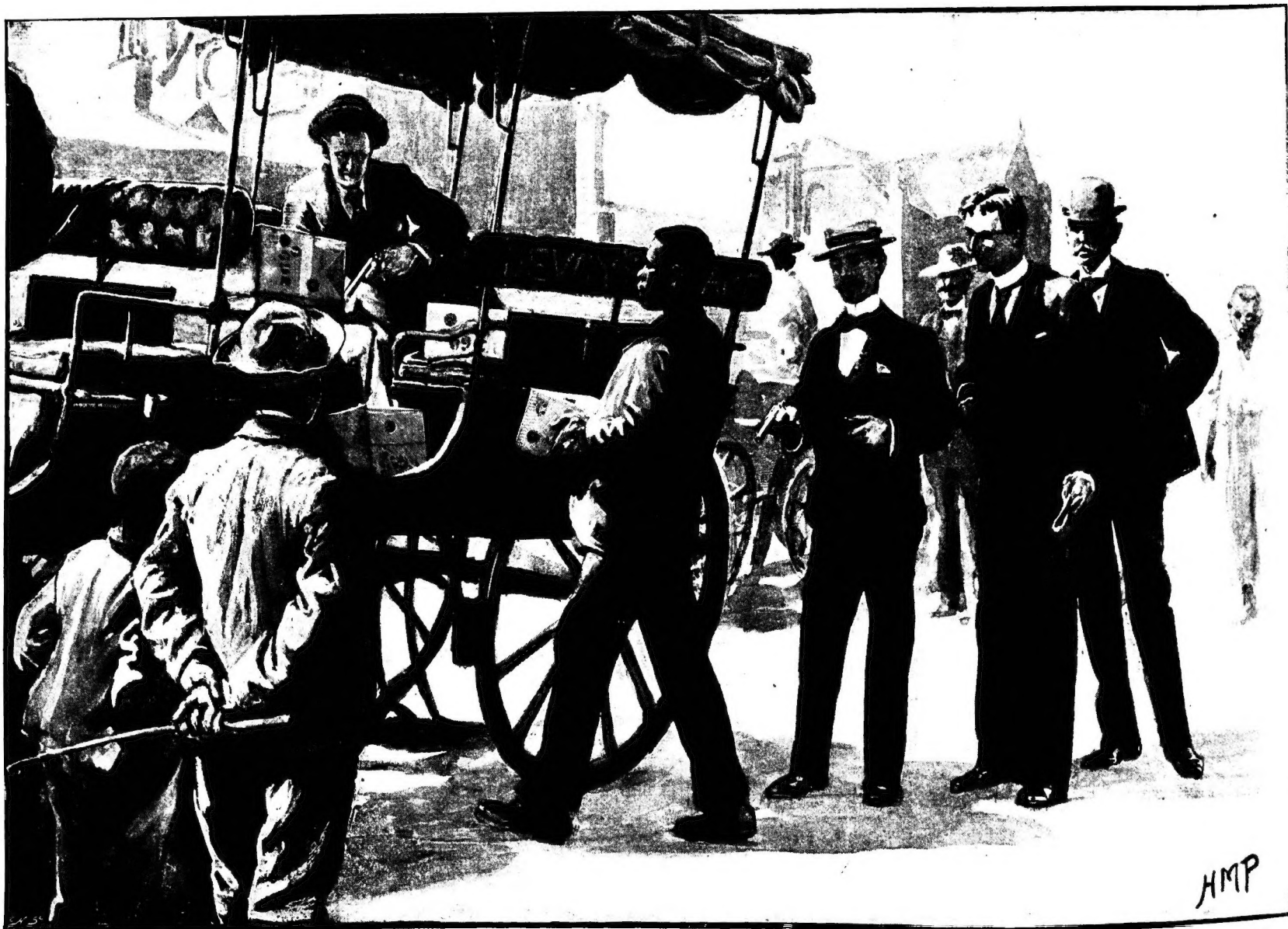
SERVING OUT BUTTONS

DRAWING FOREIGN SERVICE CLOTHING

STAMPING CLOTHING

THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS: THE DEPARTURE OF THE BALLOON SECTION R.E. FROM ALDERSHOT

DRAWN BY S. T. DADD

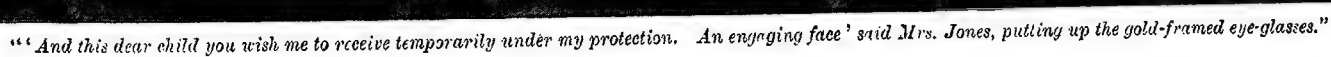


DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HORACE W. NICHOLLS, JOHANNESBURG

When the gold from the National Bank of Johannesburg is sent to the Cape, it is loaded up in a trap in the presence of two officials armed with revolvers. When it is put in the train it is accompanied by armed men, who travel in a special strong-room car. Each of the small square cases contains gold to the value of about 4,000*l.*, and sometimes as much as 400,000*l.* in gold is despatched by the first mail of the month

THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS: DESPATCHING GOLD FROM THE NATIONAL BANK OF JOHANNESBURG TO CATCH THE CAPE MAIL



By **S. BARING-GOULD**. Illustrated by **EDGAR BUNDY, R.I.**

THE SHADOW OF A CHANGE

in scale from the animated germ to the man, ranges of invertebrate and vertebrate life. And dominating superlative, for mankind is in itself a made up of degrees. Taken physically, intellectually, is situated on a stage with stages above and below. Indeed every man in his several aspects or characters is but a relative. He may be handsomer than his brother, or cleverer, or handsomer and more clever, but stand on a rung.

Marley informed Mrs. Jose that nothing would so improve the introduction of Winefred into high society, as to place her up the scale of her kindred and acquaintance, in confidence; "My dear Jane, I can put her on the short of a title—it is that of Tomkin-Jones of the ladder lost itself in heaven so did that social climber, Mrs. Jose looked land itself in the transcendent Tomkin-Jones parlour. "Yes," said Mrs. Jose, "it is the girl here longer; it is curdling her soul, like a curdler into milk posset. You are right. We must place her if she is to be reared as a lady. If you put her on the same ground they get the gapes. We must place her. We will send Winefred to Bath."

Her pleasant face little dimples formed.

And she, "but I'm thinking, Mrs. Tomkin-Jones

they do so now. But it is not forgotten that they did. Keeping your

learned those manners and speech of her nurse. But, mind you

tell them that she has good blood in her, and that whatsoever is faulty comes of me, her nurse, and of that they are to rid her."

"I don't much like saying that, Jane. I am a woman who always speaks the truth."

"It is the truth. I have been her nurse. I held her to my bosom and soothed her when she cried. No one else ever did that. And her father did lose his wife—that is to say, he ran away and left her. He went abroad, they told me, to the other end of the earth, and put the rolling seas between us. There is no lie in that."

"Well, well, we shall see. I will say as little as possible."

"You must say," said Mrs. Marley, with her fingers knitted, embracing her knees, and looking stonily before her, "you must say as how Winnie is accustomed always to call that low thing her mother, because she has not known any other, though that creature is not worthy of her; but you may also say that the nurse loves her"—Jane's eyelids flickered and her voice became less harsh—"loves her and worships the very ground on which she walks. You can't go too far in that, and if you will you can go further and say that it was time the child should be taken out of such degrading associations and be put with gentlefolks, for and because"—Jane threw up her head—"she has gentle blood in her, and because this was her father's wish."

The woman seemed to feel a bitter pleasure in disparaging herself.

She went on: "The child is young, and she will be unhappy at the outset, and be longing to be back with her mother, as she styles that person who brought her up. But in time she will grow out of that and make new friends, and will learn new ways, and then—then there will be a great gulf fixed between her and that common woman who was her nurse, a gulf so wide and so profound that there will be no passing from the one to the other. I must make up my mind to that. I see that it will come. But I will endure it for Winefred's sake."

Drops stood on Jane Marley's brow, and there was a fire in her eye, but no signs of unbending.

"I will do my best for her," said Mrs. Jose. "I will myself take Winefred to Bath—and to say the truth, I should like to see my high relations again, and have an excuse for a visit. Milk always gains a flavour from what it is set nigh. That is why you can't well have meat in a dairy. I shall come back with quite a smack of gentility."

Mrs. Jose mused.

"We must go to Lyme," she said after a while. "I will take her there with her trunk, thence we shall get to Dorchester, and so on by coach. It can be done."

"When?"

"Next week."

All at once Jane's eyes were as windows against which rain has beaten, and the woman broke down utterly. It was like the collapse of an oak.

The distress, the despair of the mother were so great, so overwhelming, that the kind-hearted farmer's wife could only stand and look on, unable to offer consolation, powerless to stem the rush of passionate sorrow. She allowed her to give way without an attempt to check her, and tarried patiently till the first burst was overpast.

Then she said gently, "Now, Jane, try to come round again. Yourself has willed it, and all for the good of the young girl. This life is full of cross roads and branching lanes, and we don't all walk along it two and two like the Odd Fellows going to church on Club Feast. A few years will pass, and you will then be proud of Winefred, proud to look at her, to hear her speak, to see how beautiful and ladylike she has grown—"

"But so far—far from me."

"Jane, every thought in your head, every feeling in your heart will be swallowed up in pride. I will tell you my ideas, Jane. You go on consuming your black and miserable thoughts, and it makes you wretched—just like the kitchen cat as will eat black beetles and grows lanky on it—but think of things bright. Trout grow fat on May flies. Consider this. Winefred with her handsome face and nimble tongue is certain to catch the fancy of some great gentleman. How can you say but that this may be a lord? My people—I beg their pardon—the Tomkin-Joneses, live in the most fashionable square in Bath, and although they don't keep a carriage and livery servants just now, they see carriages and footmen go by their windows. And any one who casts an eye on Winefred is sure to fall in love with her? It will be worth going through something for the sake of what may, must be."

Jane was quieter. She said: "When she has a house of her own, and is married, I shall ask to be allowed to darn the socks and hem the dusters." She drew a long sigh, "Oh, Mrs. Jose, you do not know how I have longed for this! Yet now it is about to be I feel sick at heart."

Then a maid looking in said, "Missus! I say, missus!"

"Well, Betsy, what do you want?"

"Please, missus, there be young Jack Rattenbury staying about, and sez he wants to see you."

"What does he want?"

"I don't know, but I reckon he do want something of you."

"Bless the boy!" said the good-natured woman, "they all do that. Tell Jack to come in."

CHAPTER XXX.

A NEW WORLD

AFTER a tedious journey, such as travellers had to undergo at the beginning of the century, whether they journeyed by coach or by private carriage, with post horses, Mrs. Jose and Winefred arrived at Bath. Mrs. Jose sought quarters for herself in a modest tavern, as she could not, dared not thrust herself on her grand relations. Moreover, before formally visiting their house, she had to change her gown, wash off the soil of travel, and give fresh curl to her hair.

When all these preparations were accomplished, she conducted Winefred to the Tomkin-Jones residence, a corner house of a square. The door opened into a narrow street, and the house had but a single window on each story that looked into the square. Nevertheless it was numbered, and esteemed itself as belonging to the square, and not to the street.

Before Winefred Mrs. Jose endeavoured to disguise her nervousness, but the attempt was futile, her excitation was perceptible at every point. A more than ordinary carnation mantled her healthy cheeks, her broad bosom heaved tumultuously, the movements of her hand and head were spasmodic, and she showered advice as to comportment on the girl at her side, in the distraction of her mind repeating the same items a score of times.

As the door was approached, "My dear," whispered the farmer's wife, "how do I look? Is my bonnet straight? Just see that my flounce is not curled up behind."

On the doorstep Mrs. Jose stood in perturbation, unable to decide which was the correct proceeding, to knock or to ring, or to knock and ring, or even to ring and knock.

She was relieved of her embarrassment by the door opening without her having summoned the attendant, and the maid appearing with letters in her hand for the post.

Mrs. Jose now announced herself, and informed the domestic that she believed she was expected, and inquired whether Mrs. Tomkin-Jones and the young ladies were at home.

The servant postponed the commission with the letters, and led the way to the drawing-room on the first floor, up a narrow and steep staircase. Mrs. Jose followed, treading lightly as if dancing among eggs, and Winefred mounted after her.

They were shown into the drawing-room, an apartment that had a window into the square, and smelt of carpet cleaned with ox-gall.

The paper was drab, with bunches of flowers on it; and the curtains were of a heavy green, and looked as if they had been dyed. They were protected against the sun by a second set of curtains of muslin.

The chairs and sofa were encased in chintz tied about the legs; and the looking-glass frame above the mantelshelf was enveloped in yellow gauze. At each end of the shelf stood a candlestick of brass hung with cut glass prisms, some chipped, one missing. Next to these, on the inside, were two vases filled with spills of twisted coloured paper; and in the middle was a French ormolu clock, under a glass shade, that did not go, and was surmounted by cast figures representing the Flight into Egypt.

The circular rosewood table that occupied the centre of the room had on it a posy of shell-flowers under a glass bell; and mats of coloured wool and steel beads—these latter somewhat rusted—were dispersed over the table to receive nothing in particular. A few books radiated from the bunch of shell flowers, selected to lie on the table, not on account of their contents, but because of the gilding on their covers. The chairs in the room also radiated from the posy at set intervals.

The fire was laid, but not lighted. The fire-irons were highly polished, but apparently never used. In a dark nook lurked a meagre little poker of black iron that was employed when the fire was alight and needed stirring. The blinds were drawn when Mrs. Jose and Winefred entered, but the maid drew them up partially, not wholly, lest too much light should enter and take some of the dye out of the dismal curtains.

The carpet, recently relaid after cleaning, represented sprays of seaweed floating on the surface of the bottle-green deep among sprigs of coral forming rococo octagons.

Mrs. Jose seated herself timorously at the edge of a chair, and looked around her with an expression of mingled awe and pride.

Presently she pointed at the shell-flowers, and said with bated breath, "Wonderful, are they not? That I call a real work of art. Must have cost pounds. Just fancy, all shells, not real flowers. Tell me, dear, do I look very hot?" Satisfied that she was not overheated Mrs. Jose's eyes rambled about the room, then fell on the floor.

"My dear! never before have I seen the carpet without a druggot over it. Wonderful, is it not? It really makes one feel as if one must either dislocate one's ankle or plunge knee-deep in the ocean walking over it. That is high art. Is the bow under my chin pulled out properly? Hush! I hear them coming."

The heightened colour left her cheek.

But no—none arrived. It comported with the dignity of the family not to exhibit over cordiality in the reception of a relative on an inferior social stage.

"My dear!" in a whisper, "when Mrs. Tomkin-Jones comes, if she graciously speaks to you, answer with a ma'am just once, or perhaps twice. Not too many ma'ams, or she will think you have been in a shop. You understand."

The house, opening into the street, but pretending to belong to the square was perhaps typical of the Tomkin-Jones family. That family affected to belong to a social order above that to which it actually pertained. But in this it was not peculiar. With few exceptions most people aim at appearing, socially or morally, what they are not. And it is well that they should do so, for it is precisely this straining upward after something higher which is the motive principle of civilisation. Through ten thousand ages the negro never felt this, and therefore remained where he was when first planted in Africa.

There are insects that assume the appearance of the leaves or twigs among which they feed, there are birds that adopt the colouring of the soil on which they cower, but with men capable of cultural advance it is just the opposite; and it is precisely this aiming at something above and other than their surroundings that differentiates them from the beasts. There are exceptions. One has heard of a nobleman who studied to look like, and talk like, and think like one of his grooms; but this is a sport on the race—such as ought not to be in a civilised world at all. But it is precisely because the tradesman seeks to look like, live like, think like, and behave like the gentleman, that the entire middle class has risen to the same cultural level that was attained by the highest class a generation or two ago. And this mighty and magnificent upheaval in mind and manner will continue to manifest itself so long as those who stand at the apex of civilisation maintain their high qualities of breeding, courtesy, refinement, and self-respect. Presently Mrs. Jose caught her breath, flashed a frightened glance at Winefred, rose from her chair, surveyed her face in the mirror, sat down again, and looked eagerly at the door. The handle turned, the door opened, and in rustled Mrs. Tomkin-Jones, stiff, stately, cold. Mrs. Jose rose and bowed profoundly. Winefred also stood up. The reverence that possessed the farmer's wife had infected the girl. She looked inquisitively but respectfully at the lady.

Mrs. Tomkin-Jones was tall, wore a "front" of chestnut with little curls ranged on each side of her brow over the temples, and a

lace cap that concealed the junction of the old and new with the new and false. Here again was an instance of the unreality which illustrates the upward strain of humanity which aspires to perpetual youth, and resents and disguises the ravages of decay, because it possesses within it the instinct of eternal youth. Mrs. Tomkin-Jones bent her head and extended a hand in reply to Mrs. Jose's salutation, with condescension in her manner. It was to convey an unmistakable hint that no familiarity would be allowed.

"I hope, Mrs. Jose, that you enjoy your health?"

"Thank you kindly, ma'am, middling."

"And Mr. Jose, also enjoys rude health, as usual."

"Pretty well for the time of year. But he's always a bit in his kidneys."

"We will waive details. And this dear child, I wish to receive temporarily under my protection. An engaging little fellow," said Mrs. Jones, putting up the gold-framed eye-glasses. "But the arrangement of the hair might be improved, and the complexion is too weather-tanned, and," raking her from head to foot, "the dress leaves much to be desired. Her name, I think, you told me was—"

"Miss Holwood."

"Any relation to the Holwoods of Lambton?" inquired Mrs. Holwood was, as you may—as, of course, you do not know—was a daughter of Viscount Fimborough? A family—that of Fimborough—of affluence, and what is better, of antiquity and distinction."

Neither Mrs. Jose nor Winefred could answer this question.

"I hope," said Mrs. Tomkin-Jones, after a pause, "I hope you have not felt cold. We do not usually put a light on the fire till the afternoon when we expect visitors. Perhaps you will do me the favour of coming into the dining-room, in which we ordinarily sit—at all events of a morning. The room is more cheerful, and the young ladies are there. I myself feel shivery in this reception room, and am obliged to be careful about my health. My dear doctor laid it on me to avoid sitting in cold rooms, especially at this time of year. You will, I know, oblige me. You will be pleased. Miss Holwood, to make the acquaintance of my daughters, and they are ardent in their desire to make yours."

She rose.

"Excuse me if I lead the way. The staircase is objectionally narrow, two can hardly descend together, which is an inconvenience at dinner parties, but since my bereavement, since the irrevocable loss I have endured, I have not had the spirits to entertain. My daughters, no doubt, would prefer a more distinguished and ampler residence, and perhaps—but this serves temporarily, temporarily you understand—though I believe the doctor, had he lived, would not have sanctioned it. We have a position, you comprehend, that ought to be kept up. Allow me—this is the door."

She threw it open, and a blast of colour smote in the faces of those entering.

The dining-room had a red flock paper on the walls, and dull crimson-red curtains at the window. The Turkey carpet was covered with red drugget. The furniture was of embrocated mahogany and leather. On the black marble mantelshelf was a black marble clock. The sideboard was heavy and too large for the room. The sole picture on the walls was the portrait, very flat, of the late Dr. Tomkin-Jones, in a black suit and white cravat and pasty face against a background of red curtains.

"My daughters, Sylvana and Jesse," said Mrs. Jones: and two young women, who had been crouching over a very small fire in a very elevated grate, rose.

The elder was somewhat like her mother, but had her father's cadaverous complexion and a spiteful expression. The younger, Jesse, was pleasant-looking and almost pretty.

"My dears," said Mrs. Tomkin-Jones, "I need not introduce you to our good friend and remote kinswoman, Mrs. Jose, who sends us at Christmas such excellent hams and geese and all kinds of good things. But I beg to introduce Miss Holwood, who belongs to the Lambton family you know, connected with the Fimboroughs, whose carriage and liveries, brown turned up with velvet, you are so familiar with."

Sylvana rose frigidly and inclined her head, but Jesse darted forward, caught Mrs. Jose in her arms and kissed her.

"My dear," said the mother reproachfully.

"My aunt," said the girl, "and an old darling."

"Well, not absolutely, not exactly an aunt," said Mrs. Tomkin-Jones. "Please, however, do not forget Miss Holwood."

The farmer's wife's face flushed with pleasure, and a kindly light kindled in her eyes, hitherto awestruck.

"You would like to see your room," said the lady to Winefred, "Jesse will show you. Her name is Jesse, not Jesse. Jesse, my dear, do not gush; gushing is unladylike."

When the younger daughter had withdrawn with Winefred, Mrs. Tomkin-Jones signed graciously to Mrs. Jose to take the seat lately occupied by Jesse Jones. She lowered herself slowly, stately, into an armchair, and brought her mittened hands together so that the finger-tips met.

"Of course, it is understood," said the lady, "that I do not generally put myself to so great an inconvenience as to look in a perfect stranger, but you have been so considerate in reminding me to oblige you, your excellent hams—and the turkey—well I am disposed to oblige you."

"Besides the payment," threw in Sylvana. "That is a first consideration."

"You are mistaken, my dear," said the mother with vexation. "That was the very last consideration."

"Oh! and for that you tickled so much over the turkey?"

"My dear, do not be vulgar." Then to Mrs. Jose, "Of course you understand that levers would not have lifted me from my resolution to receive no one—"

"You have been advertising, mamma."

"My dear, will you be quiet. I enjoin on you silence. It is low to interrupt. Nothing, my good Jose, would have induced me to open my doors to one who is exceptional in the matter of birth. I rely on you that in this particular case all is right."

"Her father is a gentleman, and desires to introduce her into good society; her education has been unfortunately neglected," stammered Mrs. Jose.

"I quite understand that. Do you know him?"

"No, I have never seen him. He is, or has been, a Governor-General of a place have been told. I think he was Governor-General of a place

del Fuego. He came home, I have heard, but is back again in foreign parts."

"A colonial appointment. Exactly. And her mother?"

"He would lose his wife before his child was born—I mean when it was born," answered the good woman with growing composure and uncertainty of manner. "But really you must not ask too many questions. I do know nothing about the matter, and they want the maid to be properly educated, and they are likely to stump up."

"Mrs. Jose!"

"To say—to pay handsomely."

"No thought of payment entertained by me. No sum mentioned would adequately compensate for the direction, the correction that will be lavished on the maid."

"I do not sell my services," said the widow severely; "but I am right that a honorarium should be offered, I am not to it. But the large circle of my acquaintance, their quality, and my wide experience enable me to impart to any young lady placing herself under my protection an air of refinement that is the exclusive privilege of the aristocracy, and I venture to say that you would have to go far afield to obtain advantages equal to those offered under this modest roof. Oh! here they come, and apparently good friends."

As the two girls entered the room, Mrs. Tomkin-Jones examined them with a critical eye.

"Comely made or mismade," she said, "Nous allons changer de sujet. And now, my good Jose, may I offer you something to eat or to drink? We shall be going out for a drive in ten minutes, and I must taste with my dressing. I am so sorry that I did not think of this before. A biscuit, now? A glass of sherry? No—this will do me, a cruel fate bears me away, a social necessity—I must dress before my drive. Trust me. I will do my best by the young lady, and when you see her again, you will find her transformed."

(To be continued)

The "America" Cup

It is nearly half a century since the America Cup first left Cowes and England, and during that time no fewer than ten challengers, of which *Shamrock* is the latest, have tried to bring it back. The *America*, the yacht which first won the Cup in 1851, had been designed by the recently formed New York Yacht Club as a sort of "eye-opener" for British yachtsmen during the Great Exhibition year. A courteous letter was sent by Lord Winton, the Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, to Mr. J. C. Stevens, the Commodore of the New York Club, mentioning the reported building of the new boat, and cordially inviting him and any other members of the New York Yacht Club to "come over." As a corollary to this invitation the Royal Yacht Squadron agreed to give a Cup "value 1000, open to yachts belonging to the clubs of all nations, subject to the sailing regulations of the Royal Yacht Squadron, the course to be round the Isle of Wight." In the race for the Cup fifteen English boats started, ranging from the *Volant* of 48 tons to the *Constance* of 218. In the actual race the American yacht lagged behind the other competitors and purposely started last. But she quickly went by them all, and before six miles had been covered was only led by *Volante*, and she slipped by her and soon had the race to herself.



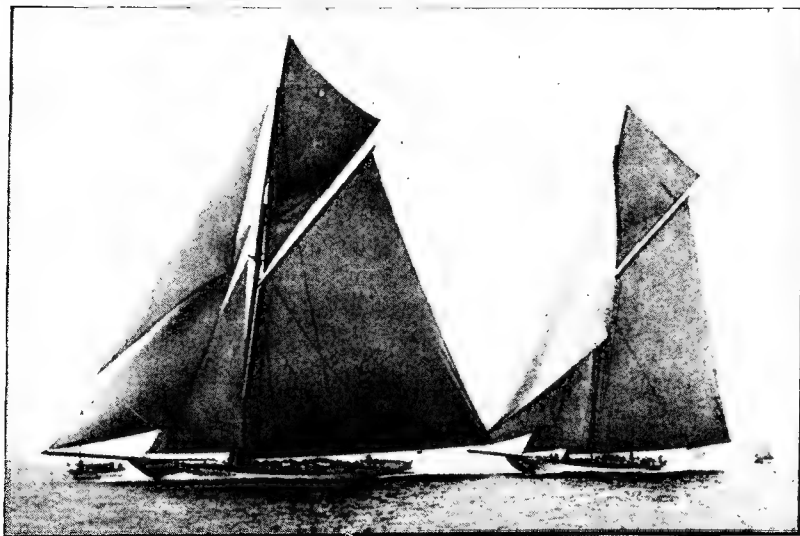
THE "AMERICA" CUP



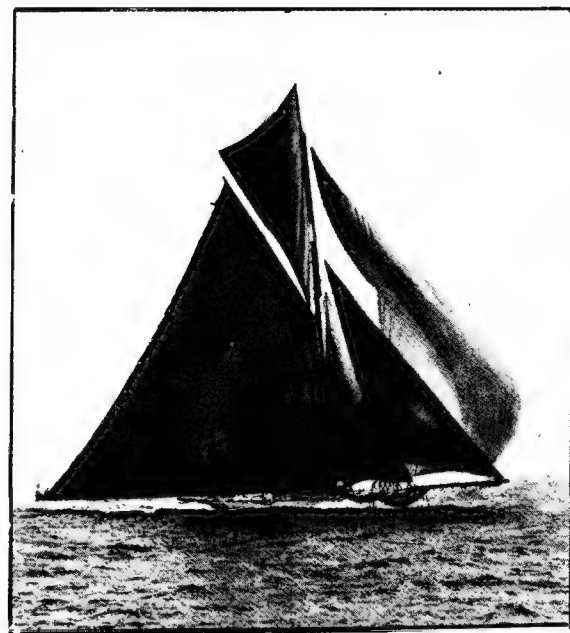
SIR THOMAS LIPTON, OWNER OF THE "SHAMROCK"
From a Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin



MR. C. OLIVER ISELIN
Manager of the Syndicate that owns the *Columbia*



THE "DEFENDER" JOCKEYING THE "COLUMBIA" IN A TRIAL



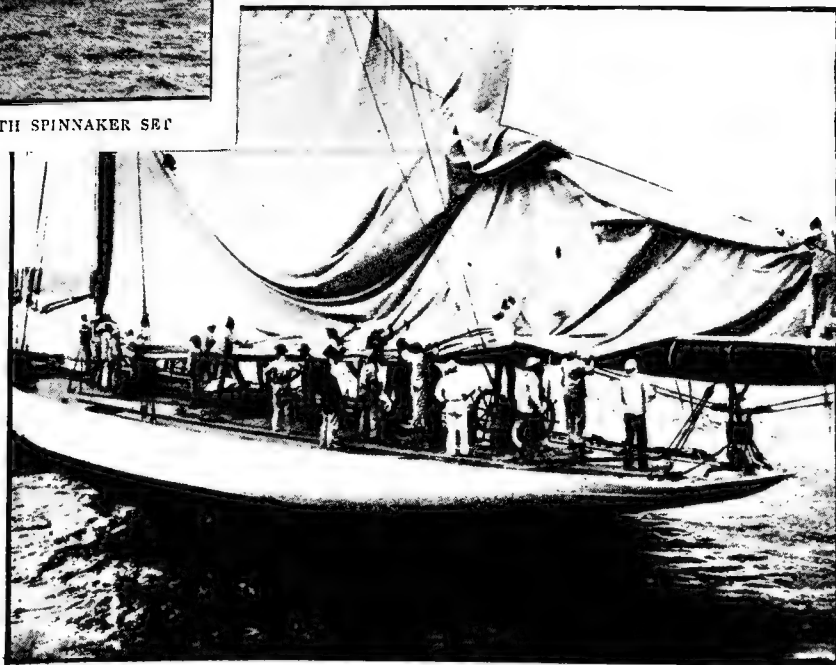
THE "DEFENDER" BEAM-ON WITH SPINNAKER SET

Nineteen years later, *Cambria* went over to make the first of many efforts to "lift the Cup." *Cambria* was a big schooner of 188 tons: she had won many races over here, and she beat *Dauntless*, an American schooner, in a race across the Atlantic to New York. She failed, however, to bring back the Cup, and the race was won by *Magic*, a small schooner of half *Cambria's* tonnage. In the next race, which took place next year, 1871, the New York Yacht Club decided that only two vessels should race at a time. This gave the challenging yacht a better chance, and the schooner *Livonia* tried her luck in five races. The New York Yacht Club, however, did not confine themselves to racing a single yacht against the challenger, but named four yachts as competitors,

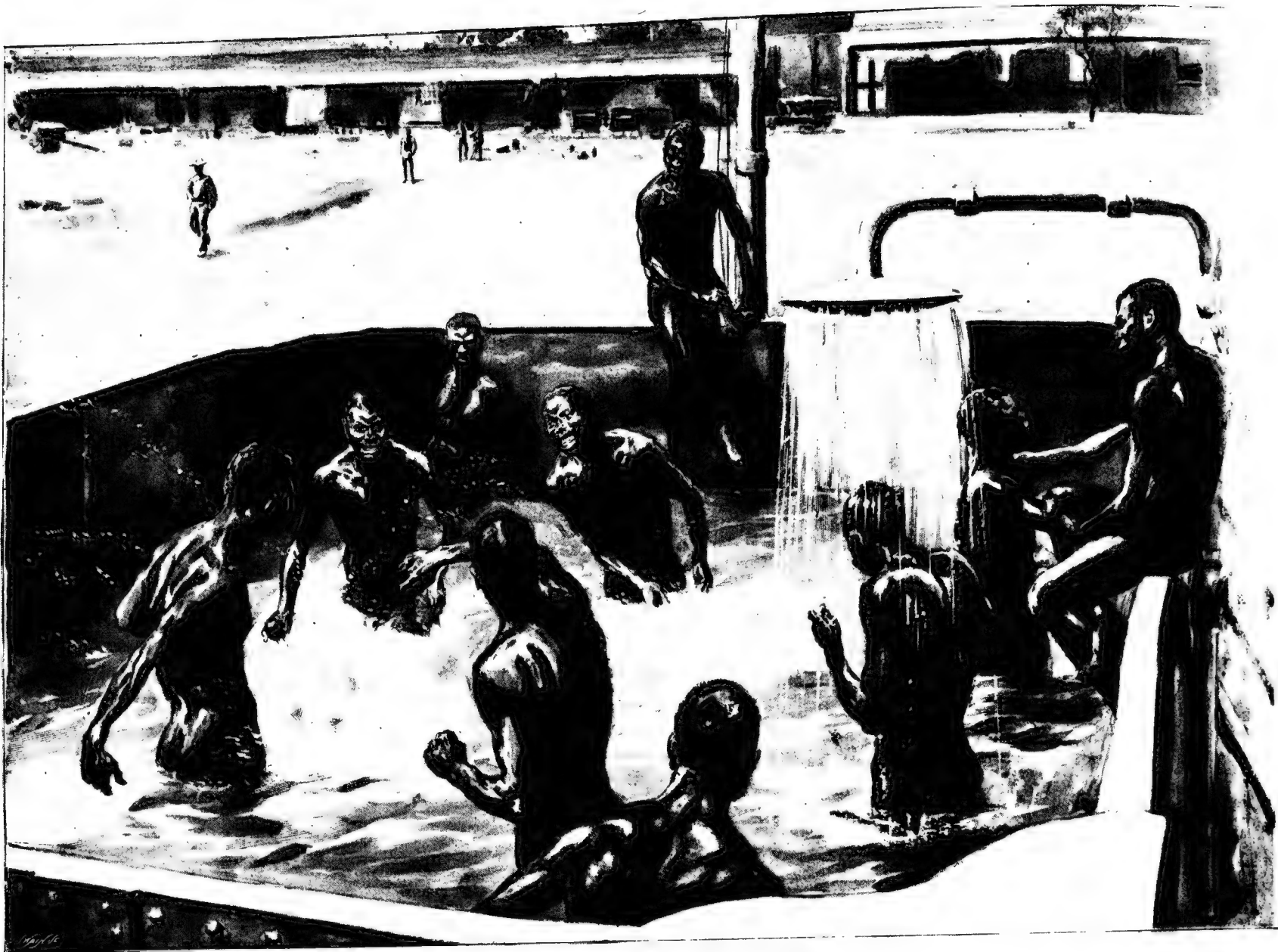
choosing them according to the state of the weather. In the first and second of the five races a light centre-boarder, *Columbia*, beat *Livonia*. The third race *Livonia* won. The fourth and fifth races were won by *Sypho*. Canada next stepped into the breach with a schooner, *Countess Dufferin*, in 1876, but the Canadian boat was far too slow for the Yankee schooner *Madeline*. In 1881 *Mischief* was too good for another Canadian challenger, *Atalanta*. Since 1881 all the races have been sailed by cutters. The result, however, has been the same. *Puritan* beat Sir R. Sutton's *Genesta* in 1885, though *Genesta* might have taken one race if her owner had cared to accept it—which he would not—on a foul. General Payn's *Mayflower* was too good for Lieutenant Henn's *Galatea* next year; and the year after that *Thistle* could not beat General Payn's *Volunteer*. *Thistle*, now the German Emperor's yacht *Arcturion*, was one of the best boats we ever sent over. However, in 1893, Lord Dunraven sent over *Valkyrie II*, and, not daunted by the defeats she suffered from *Vigilant*, sent over *Valkyrie III*, to try again in 1895. Again the British boat was beaten. Last year, at Cowes, it was announced that another challenger had been found and another boat was to be built. Sir Thomas Lipton was the new man, and *Shamrock* the new boat. A new designer also appeared in Mr. William Fife, jun., and a new builder in Mr. John Thornycroft. Over in the States Mr. Herreshoff was still depended on, and a syndicate similar to that which had built *Defender*, of which Mr. Oliver Iselin is again the managing director, undertook the cost of this year's defender, *Columbia*. Over in this country *Shamrock* was matched in a series of rather inconclusive races against the half-cleaned *Britannia*, whom she beat easily, and *Columbia* has had no difficulty in disposing of the last Cup winner, *Defender*, in American waters. The first race between *Shamrock* and *Columbia* was sailed on Tuesday, when *Shamrock* showed unexpected capabilities in a wind which did not suit her, and was leading at the close of an unfinished race.

Kimberley "Compound"

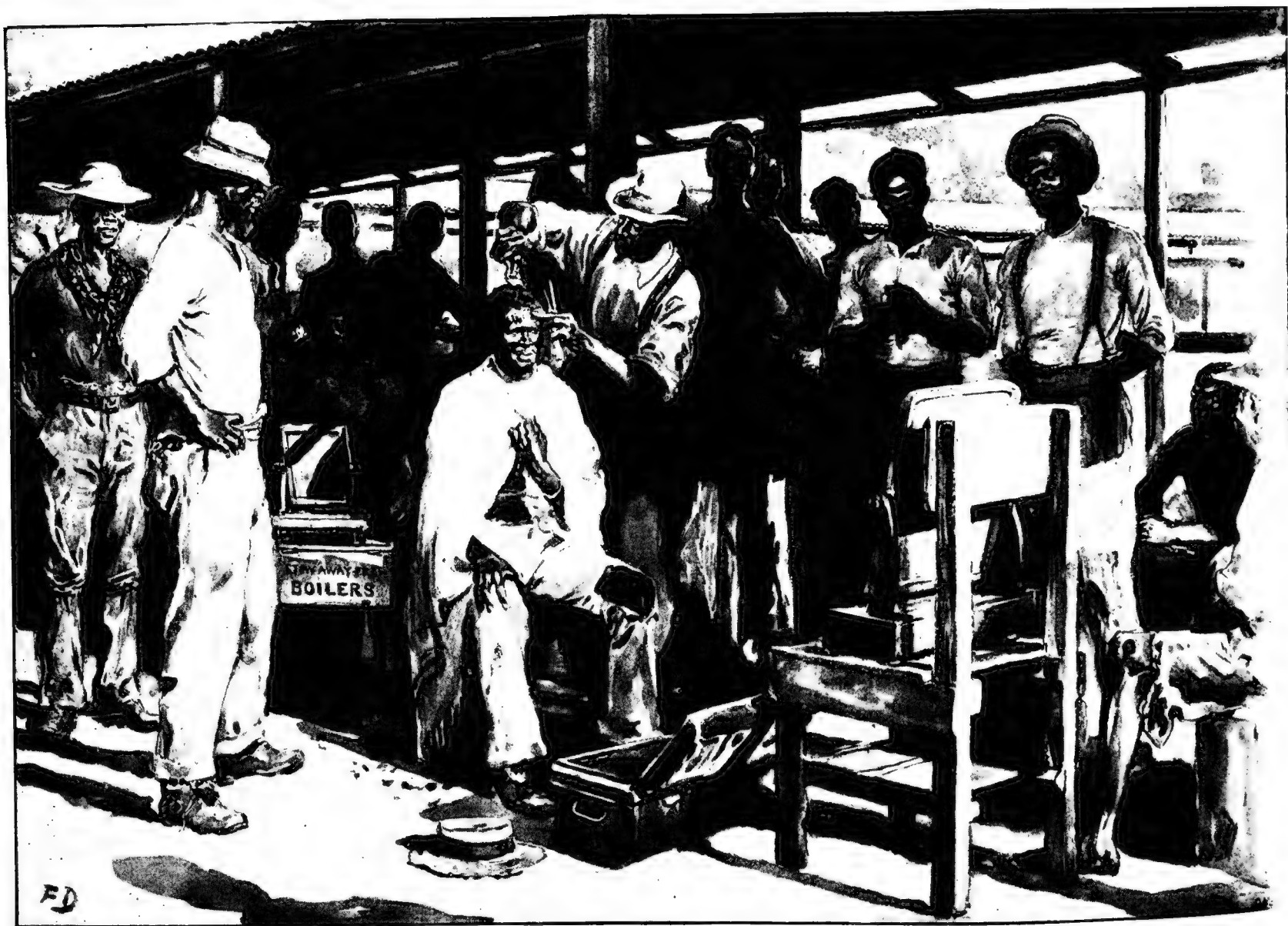
THE organisation of the Diamond Mines at Kimberley, in South Africa, is one of the most remarkable in the world. The whole arrangement seems to move like clock-work, never stopping night or day. The labourers are Zulus, many of them enormous, powerful men; they work under the superintendence of white men, mostly Cornish miners. They are engaged for three months at the average pay of about 18s. a week. They work eight hours in the mine, and live in large enclosures called "compounds," which they are not allowed to leave. Sleeping compartments, arranged much like the cabin of a ship, are provided all round the enclosure; there is a shop where they buy all their food, consisting chiefly of mealies, and a butcher is also there. There is also a barber's shop, which is much frequented. Overhead, extending over the whole enclosure, is a wire netting; this is to prevent them throwing to friends outside a parcel containing diamonds they might have stolen, as appears from all accounts to have been done in former times. When the Zulus come up from the mine weary, dirty, and hot, they wash in a large tank full of clean, flowing water.



ON THE "DEFENDER": HAULING IN THE MAINSAIL



MINERS BATHING IN THE KIMBERLEY COMPOUND



ONE EFFECT OF CIVILISATION ON THE NATIVES: A BARBER'S SHOP IN THE KIMBERLEY COMPOUND

DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

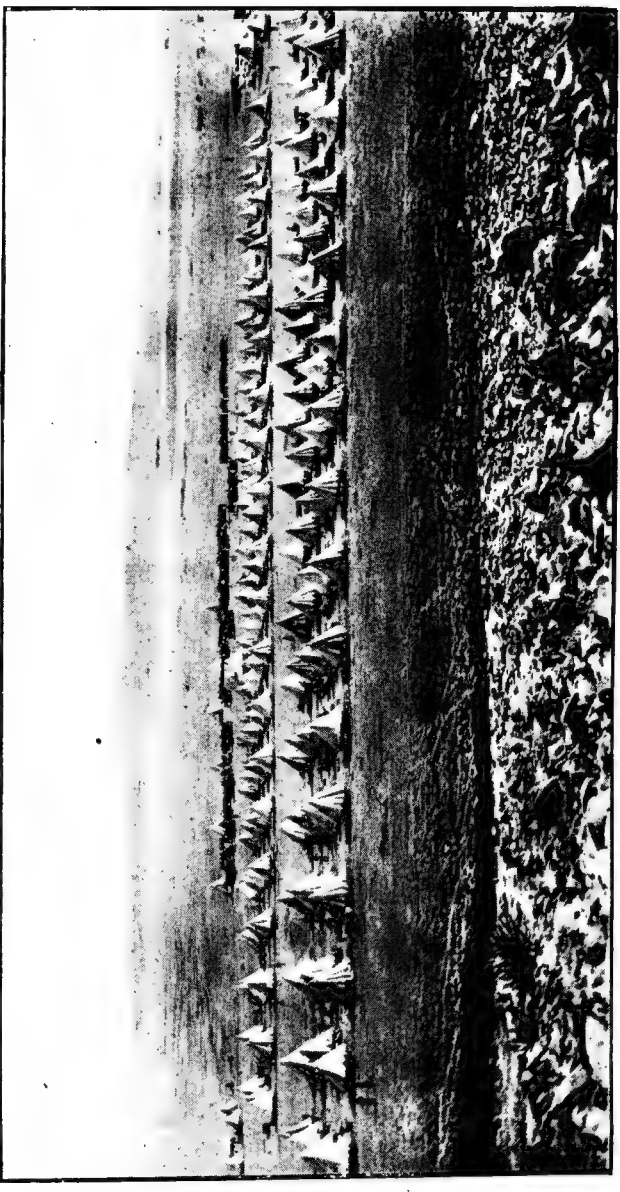
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. D. STERN



PANORAMA OF PRETORIA, THE SEAT OF THE TRANSVAAL GOVERNMENT, WHICH WILL BE OUR OBJECTIVE IN THE EVENT OF WAR

Pretoria, the Boer Capital

PRETORIA, the seat of the Government of the South African Republic, was laid out in 1855 by Martinus Wessels Pretorius, then President of the Republic, from whom the town takes its name. The town is situated on the Aapies River, the latter separating the eastern and principal suburbs from the town proper, and also forming the northern boundary. Since the opening of the Witwatersrand Gold Fields Pretoria has grown with marvellous strides. The greater part of the town and the whole of the suburbs have sprung up in the last few years, and from a placid city of some few thousand people has become a thriving and busy community, estimated, in the absence of any census figures, to number at least 25,000 souls, of whom more than half are whites, mostly Europeans. Owing to the prejudice of the ruling classes, the town is still without a proper municipal government, and it is only lately that the Government has appointed a Board of Management, which draws the funds required directly from the State Treasury. Pretoria is the centre of the various railway lines, completed or projected, of the country. Various manufacturing industries have been established, but, with few exceptions, these have proved failures, or are still in the embryonic stage. Owing to the diversity of the elements comprising the population there is very little public spirit or enterprise in the town, and public institutions, such as the library or museum,

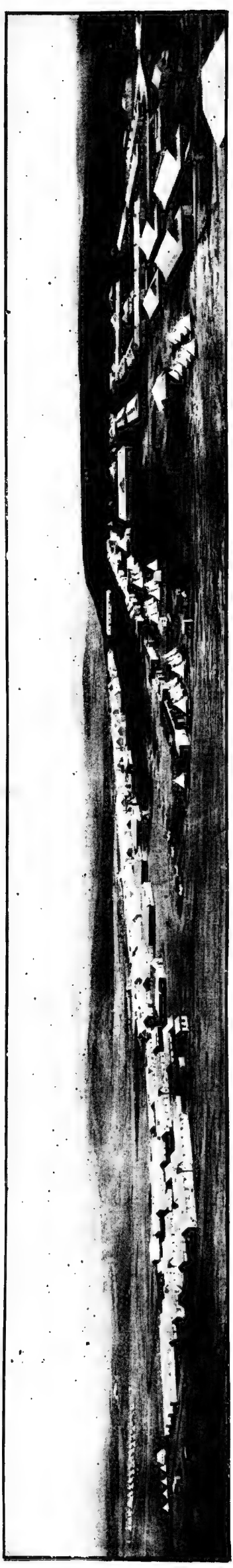


CAMP OF THE KING'S (LIVERPOOL) REGIMENT AT LADYSMITH

are more or less dependent on State aid for their existence. With the exception of the churches, there are no public buildings established by public enterprise, and even a town hall is wanting. The chief architectural features are the various Government offices and institutions, several of which are in course of erection, while the new law courts, just completed, vie with the Government buildings in beauty and size.

All the principal stores, banks, hotels, and offices are distinguished for picturesque appearance. Of private residences there are few imposing ones, but the great majority, each with its little garden, convey an air of neatness and comfort. The streets, places of business, and most private houses are lighted by electricity, while an excellent water supply serves the town, both lighting and water being in the hands of companies. A complete telephonic system has been at work for years, but the postman's knock has still to come. As one consequence of the Jameson Raid, Pretoria has now four forts, two of which are almost hidden in the range of hills that forms the background of the illustration, while two command the town and its approaches from a parallel range on the north. The Transvaal regular army, known as the "Staats Artillerie," is housed in an imposing and expensive camp—another result of the raid.

Our illustration shows Pretoria as seen from the north. The most thickly populated portion is comprised within an area of about two and a half miles from east to west,



PANORAMA OF LADYSMITH, IN NATAL, THE ALDERSHOT OF SOUTH AFRICA

and one mile from north to south. On the east, the left of the picture, are the suburbs of Arcadia, Sunnyside, Trevenna, and Muckleneuk, skirted on the south by the Delagoa Bay Railway. The tall chimney, further to the right, is where the electric light is generated, while slightly to the left of the chimney Fort Klapperkop can just be seen on the eminence in the background. Then comes an opening in the hills, where are situated the Fountains, or source of the Aapies River. Through this opening, or "Poort," the south line, connecting with Johannesburg, the Cape, and Natal, enters, and, converging with the Delagoa Bay line, ends at the terminus in the same vicinity. A little to the right of this again is Fort Groenkloof, on the highest point. Again to the right is the hospital and camp, followed by the Pietersburg railway station and buildings, from whence that system emerges for its northern destination. This point also marks the point of departure of the projected Rustenburg Railway to the west. Above the thick foliage is a smaller patch, which marks the cemetery and resting-place of that small band of British soldiers who fell during the last Boer War. Below the cemetery a collection of ten shanties shows the coolie location, whither all the sons of India resident in Pretoria have had orders to betake themselves. Near this is the schoolplats, a miniature town, embowered in trees, and occupied by civilised natives. On the extreme right, a little church and another heterogeneous collection of huts, shows another result of missionary work. Our photograph is by A. E. Smith.



GENERAL SIR REDVERS HENRY BULLER, V.C., G.C.B., WHO WILL COMMAND OUR ARMY IN SOUTH AFRICA IN CASE OF WAR
From a Photograph by Charles Knight, Aldershot

The Aldershot of South Africa

LADYSMITH, mention of which has been so frequently made in telegrams from South Africa lately, is the third largest town in Natal. It is 159 miles by rail from Durban and is on the line to Johannesburg, 290 miles further on. Another railway from Ladysmith leads to the frontier of the Orange Free State, which is only 36 miles away. Until the Boer War of 1881 Ladysmith was a small village, but its use at that time as a base for supplies, and the subsequent advent of the railway, established its prosperity, and it has now a population of about 5,000 exclusive of military. In July, 1897, the Imperial authorities selected a site outside the town for garrison purposes, and the ground has been laid out for the accommodation of troops. At first the camp was only temporary, but substantial buildings have since been erected to take the place of some of the tents. But lately the arrival of different regiments has given the place the appearance of a city of tents, for, of course, the buildings were quite inadequate to accommodate the large increase of the military population. Writing last month, the special correspondent of the *Natal Witness* gave a description of the disposition of the troops then in camp at Ladysmith. On the left, on entering the camp, were the tents of the Royal Engineers. Across the Klip River the bell tents and marquees of the King's (Liverpool) Regiment stretched northwards in eight long lines, the Mounted Infantry and picketed horses at the south end. Beyond the Liverpool lines, and on the higher ground, was the 10th Mountain Battery of the Royal Artillery. The Battery was encamped in the old and familiar formation—two rows of tents, with the space between them occupied by the horses, mules, and waggons; at one end a cluster of these tents, at the other the guns of the battery. On the eminence to the right of the camp the Engineers are engaged in erecting a new hospital, which is to contain 150 beds.

Ladysmith is one of the points threatened by the Boers, as it is expected that a Harrismith commando would operate upon it from Van Reenan's Pass. Indeed, the news from the Cape foreshadows the Boer plan of campaign. Transvaal commandos threaten Laing's Nek, Charlestown, and Dundee. To meet these there is a pretty strong force of British troops between Ladysmith and Newcastle.

General Sir Redvers Buller

It bodes well for the issue of what now seems to be our inevitable war with the Boers that the very greatest care has been exercised in the selection of the holders of the chief commands in our expeditionary force, which must amount at least to from 50,000 to 60,000 men. It is the officers of every army who form at once its brain and backbone, and by common consent Lord Wolseley's appointments of commanding and controlling officers to our Army of South Africa are all of an ideal kind. Above all nothing could have been happier than his selection of Sir Redvers Buller to be the main

the extricating rôle. In the Zulu Wars he won his Victoria Cross by pulling men from the jaws of danger and death; at Tama it was he who, as commander of the 1st Brigade, by his coolness and resolution, saved the day when the 2nd Brigade of Davis had been defeated by the devilish onrush of the Hadendowas; and in 1881 again it was who, as *Deus ex machina*, acted as the key-stone to Stewart's Desert Column and led it back in safety from Gubat to Korti. Rich in experience of stricken fields and expeditionary forces, from the Red River expedition to Coomassie and the 1879, and especially expert in South African warfare, Sir Redvers Buller has also enjoyed the best of administrative training, successively as Quartermaster and Adjutant-General of the Army and Commander at Aldershot. Personally, he is of a blunt and rigid manner, of hitting and straight-spoken, despising the art of concealing his iron gauntlet under a velvet glove—altogether a stern, grim, clear and cool-headed Cromwellian kind of man, than whom it would have been impossible to find a better commander for coping with the Boers.

Boer and British Forces

By CHARLES LOWE

SUPPOSING war should break out in South Africa before the arrival of the complete Army Corps which is about to be mobilised, but which, in the most favourable circumstances, could not be marshalled in Natal in readiness to take the field before the end of November, what is the relative strength of the combatants, Boer and Briton? On the part of the Boers it would be military insanity, of which few think them capable, to remain on the defensive till the arrival on their frontiers of the main army of Sir Redvers Buller. Their only possible chance is to seek to crush the British forces now in Natal before the latter are reinforced by 35,000 men. For, apart from the military advantage of a bold offensive, the moral effect of an initial Boer victory on the Dutch population of all South Africa would be tremendous; and in estimating the relative strength of the two races it must be remembered that of a total white population in South Africa, the Dutch outnumber the British, and the British-minded, in the proportion of more than four to three. The Boers have thus every motive to anticipate what must seem to them the inevitable conflict, and precipitate a trial

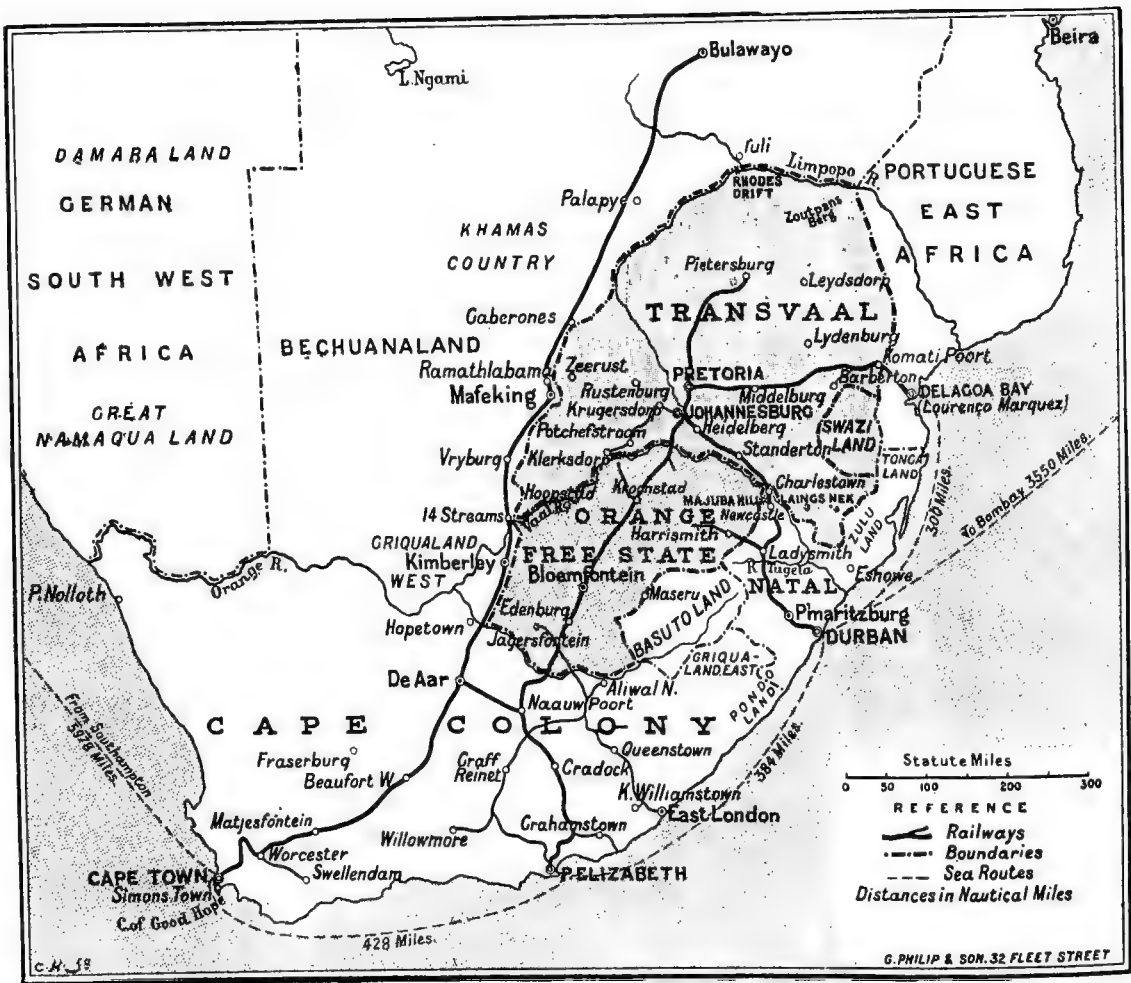
of strength between them and their enemies before the latter receive reinforcements which must prove irresistible.

In the event, therefore, of their acting on the favourite maxim of Moltke, that the best parry is ever the stroke, what is the force that we could oppose to them? Before the end of a fortnight, what with our garrisons in Natal and the Cape Colony, and the troops which have been sent from India and England, our regular forces in South Africa, on a liberal estimate, will amount to about 20,000 men of all arms, under the command of Sir George White.

Of artillery we shall have three brigade divisions of field guns, that is nine batteries and a mountain battery—totaling sixty guns. Now, taking the average strength of each battery to be 800 men, and of each cavalry regiment (of three squadrons) to be 400, this, with garrison artillery, engineers, A.S.C., and other departmental details, would bring our total initial strength up to about 20,000 men. But assuming this to be rather over than under the mark, a grand aggregate of about 25,000 would be needed if we included in our estimate the local levies of Natal and Cape Volunteers (artillery and infantry) and the three regiments of mounted infantry being raised by Colonels Baden-Powell, Hildesley, and Chisholme—an aggregate of 25,000 men, which was just the strength of the army we first sent out to the Crimea.

As to the united force which the Boers of the Transvaal and the Free State could muster to cope with this nucleus of British troops, Buller's army there is no agreement between no two estimates. General Joubert himself, the 1st Generalissimo, counts upon 10,000 Transvaalers, 16,000 Free State men, and 16,000 men from other quarters—Natal, Cape Colony, and various foreign legions—German, French, Irish, Hollander, American, A.S.C., which gives a total of 48,000. But his estimate seems to be on the side of over-sanguine. In 1894, the total number of Transvaal Boers liable to military service would appear to have been about 26,300; but this figure included the inefficient extreme of youth and age. As the total population of Boers in the Transvaal is about 40,000, perhaps a third of that reasonable enough to be fit for military duty; while the Free State, with

instrument for the reversal of the Gladstonian stream of policy which took its rise on Majuba Hill. As it was Devonshire Buller a patriot of the old Elizabethan stamp, and a past master in South African warfare, who refused to sign the preliminary peace with the Boers after Majuba—delegating this disagreeable duty to Sir Evelyn Wood—so it is fitting that he should now be called upon to sign with the sword the new Convention which is to take the place of that of 1854 as well as of 1881. For this task he is also pre-eminently fitted by his military ability and acquirements. The Duke of Wellington used to remark that, even if ever he got into a tight place, he could always rely on his troops to pull him out of it; but with General Buller it has always just been the other way about, for his has generally been



MAP OF SOUTH AFRICA SHOWING THE POSITION OCCUPIED BY THE TWO DUTCH REPUBLICS

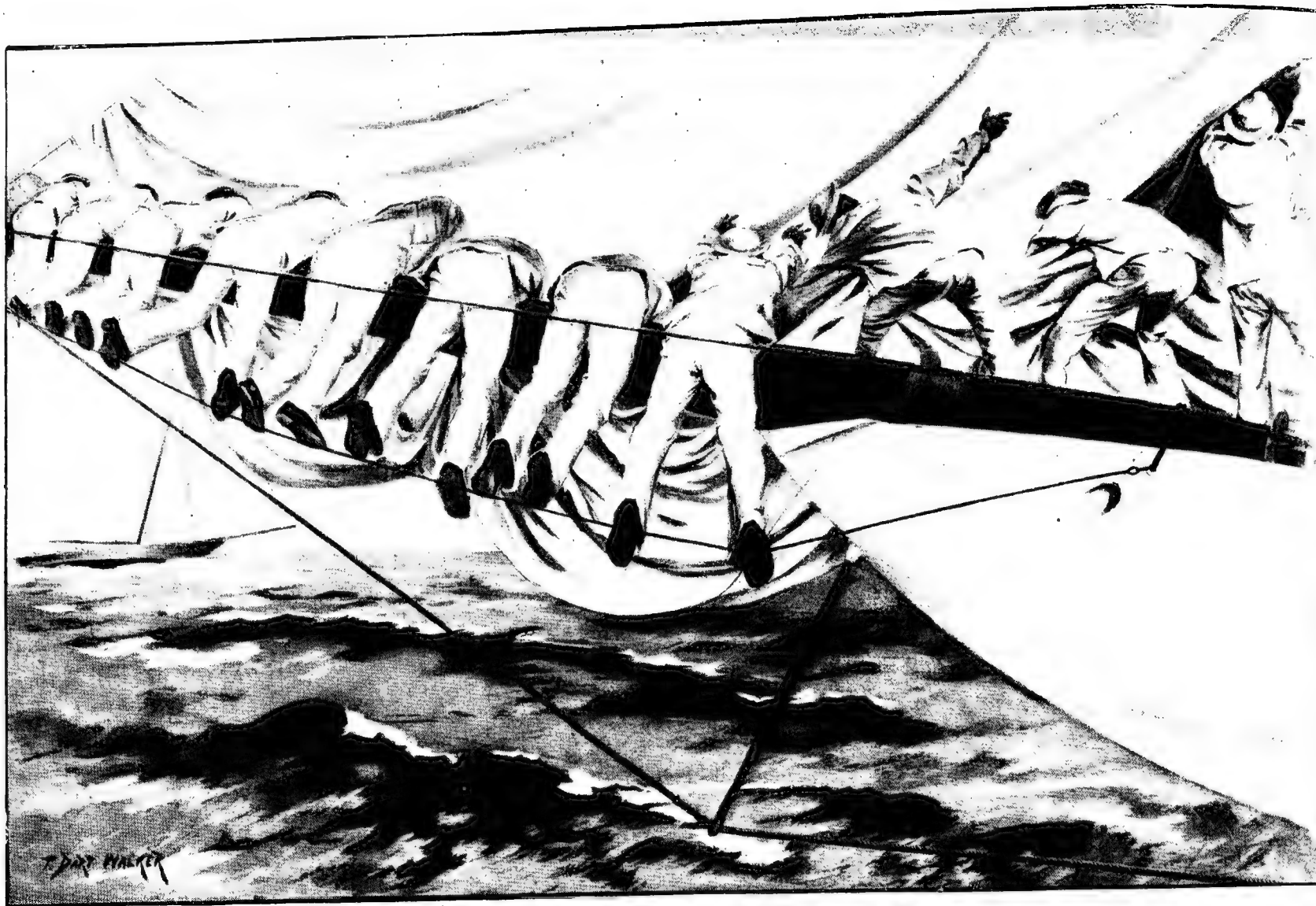
A black and white portrait of a man with a full, dark beard and mustache. He is wearing a dark military uniform with light-colored epaulettes and a sash. A star-shaped medal is pinned to his left breast. He is holding a sword in his right hand. The portrait is signed 'M. G. 1870' in the bottom right corner.

A black and white photograph showing a large steamship with a single funnel and two masts, and a smaller sailing ship with three masts, both on a rough, choppy sea. The ships are dark against the lighter, textured water. The foreground shows the dark, rocky edge of a shore.

A detailed black and white illustration of a large steamship, likely a passenger liner, navigating a narrow waterway. The ship features three tall masts and a single funnel with a dark top. It is surrounded by steep, craggy mountains that rise sharply from the water's edge. In the foreground, a small sailboat with two sails is visible on the right, and a small rowing boat is in the water near the center. The scene is framed by a simple black border.

The Dominion liner *Scotsman* ran ashore during a fog on a remote part of the Belle Isle north of Newfoundland, on September 22. The vessel became a wreck, and eleven passengers were drowned through the overturning of a boat in which they were being conveyed to the shore. Four others have since died of exposure. The other passengers, numbering over 200, were rescued, most of them by the s.s. *Monford* and others by the ss. *Mintery*. The crew mutinied when the vessel struck, and looted the passengers' cabins. Some of them have since been arrested and have been convicted at Liverpool. Our illustration is from a sketch made on the spot by H. P. Rugg.

THE WRECK OF THE SS. "SCOTSMAN": THE VESSEL ASHORE ON THE BELLE ISLE



DRILLING THE CREW OF THE "COLUMBIA": HAULING IN THE JIB



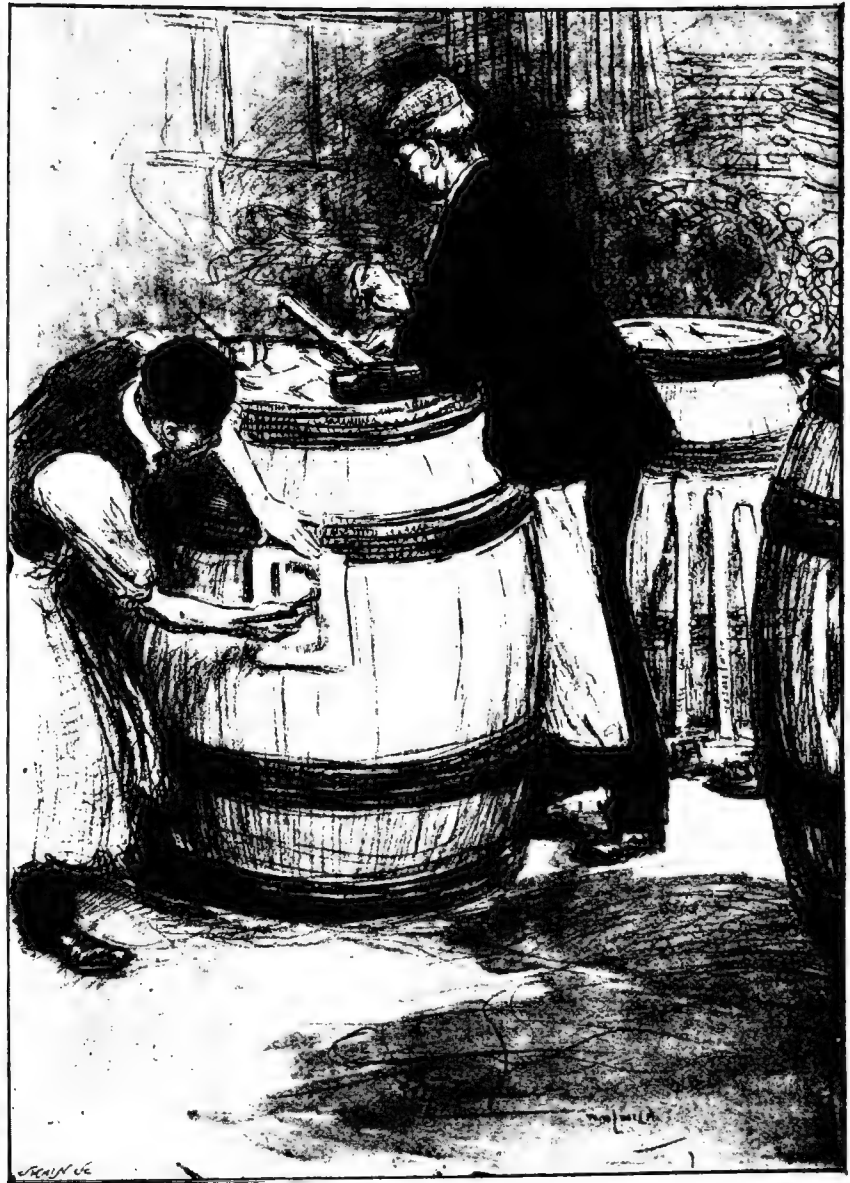
DRILLING THE CREW OF THE "COLUMBIA": "MOVE TO WINDWARD, LADS!"

THE CONTEST FOR THE "AMERICA" CUP: FINAL PRACTICE BEFORE THE RACE

WAR PREPARATIONS IN ENGLAND



PACKING LEATHER BUCKETS AT WOOLWICH
DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE



MARKING SLEDGE-HAMMERS AND BARRELS AT WOOLWICH
DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE

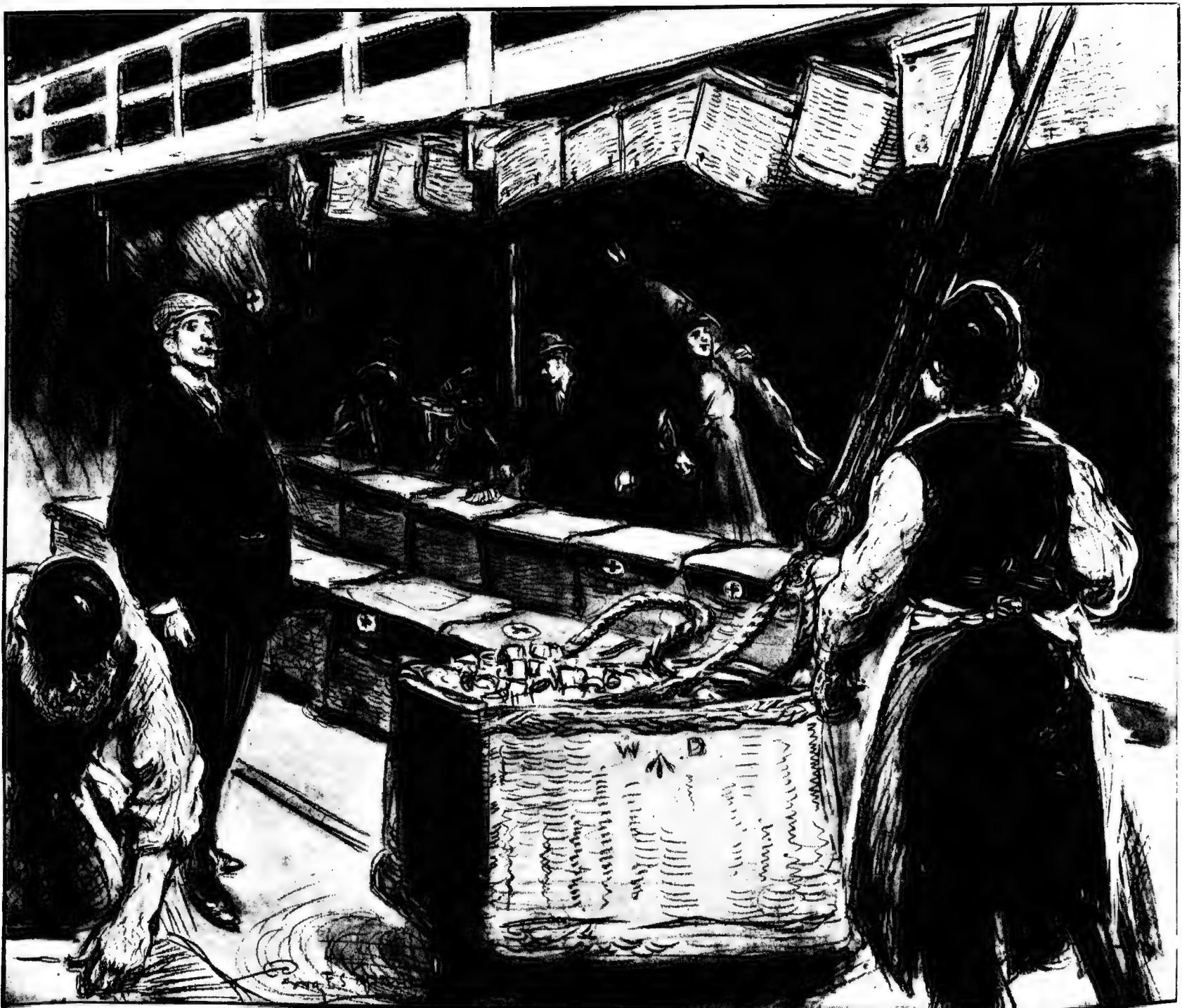


THE ARMY SERVICE CORPS AT COLWORT BARRACKS, PORTSMOUTH, RECEIVING EQUIPMENT FROM THE STORES
FROM A SKETCH BY F. C. DICKINSON



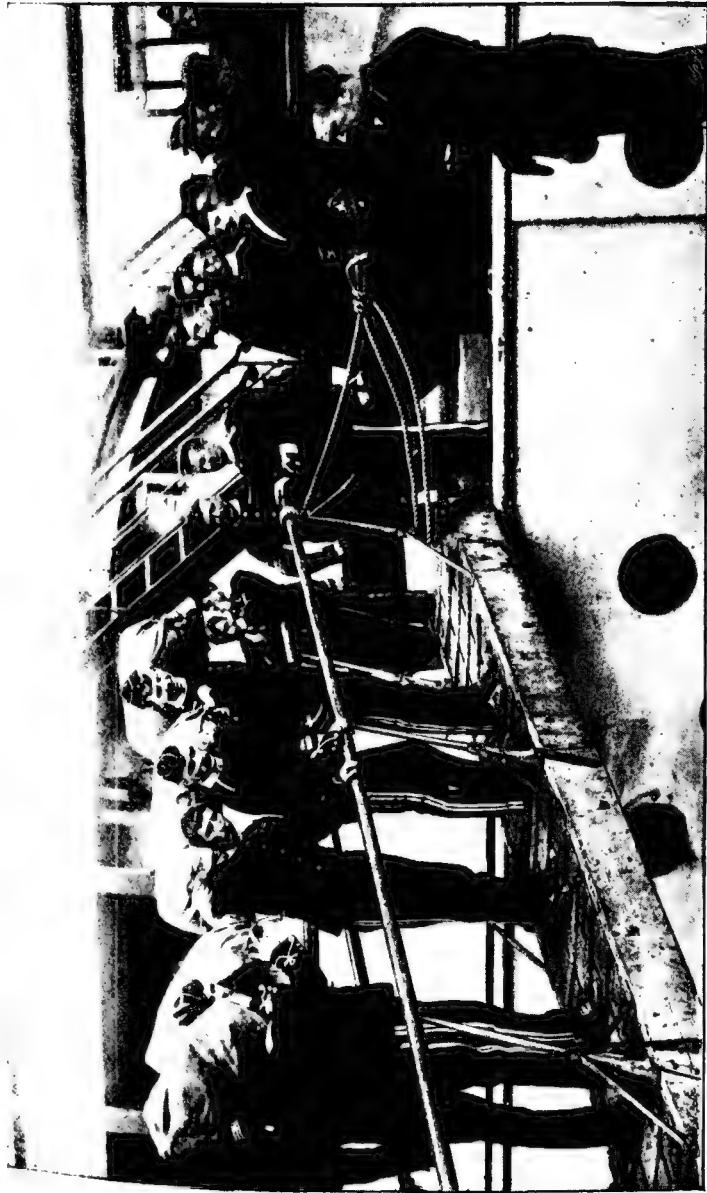
PACKING ZINC SCRAPS FOR MAKING GAS FOR THE BALLOON SECTION OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS AT WOOLWICH

DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE

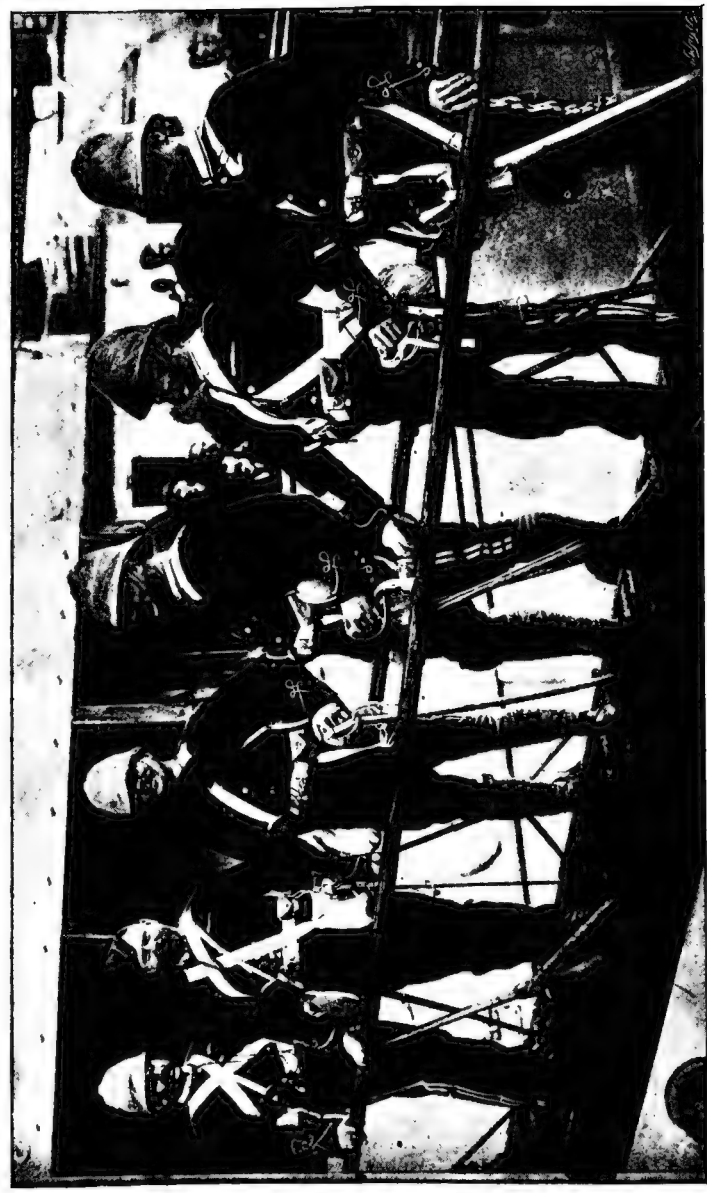


GETTING THE FIELD HOSPITAL STORES READY AT WOOLWICH FOR SHIPMENT

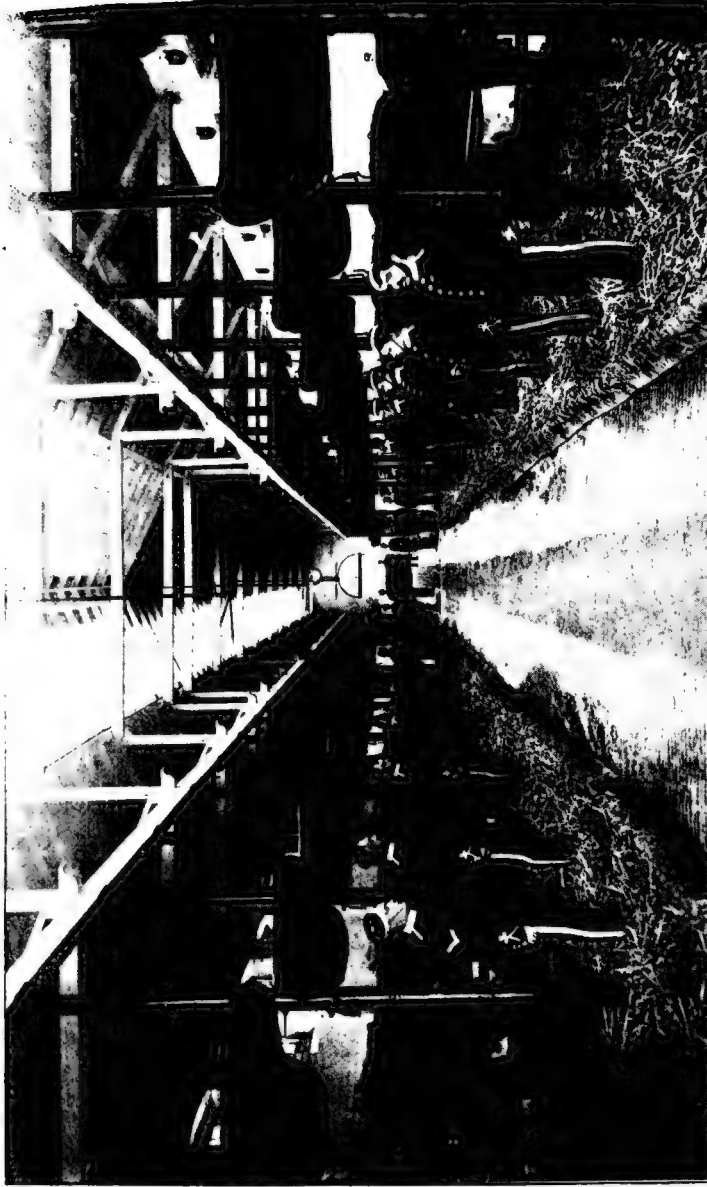
DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE



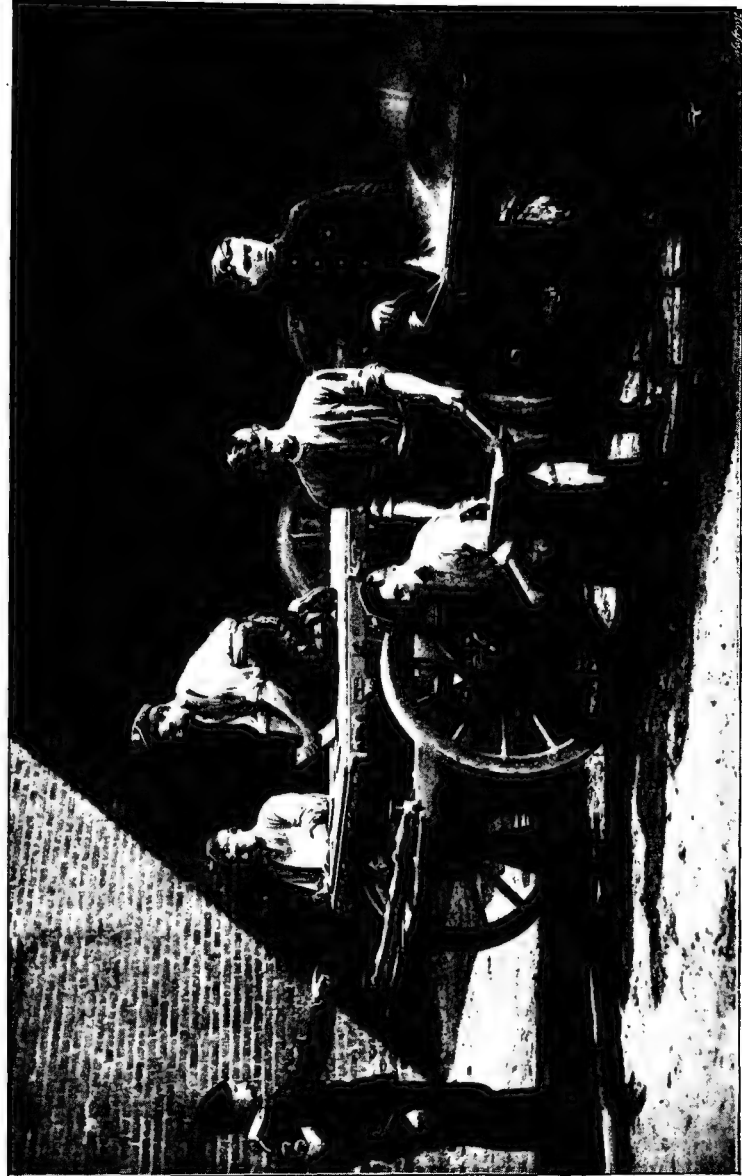
THE ARMY SERVICE CORPS GOING ON BOARD THE "KINFARNS CASTLE" AT SOUTHAMPTON
From a Photograph by W. Gregory and Co., Strand



THE KEMOUNT COMPANY, ARMY SERVICE CORPS, EMBARKING ON THE "KINFARNS CASTLE"
From a Photograph by W. Gregory and Co., Strand



INSPECTION OF HORSES OF THE ARMY SERVICE CORPS
From a Photograph by Stephen Cribb, Southsea



CARPENTERS AND WHEELWRIGHTS OF THE ARMY SERVICE CORPS GETTING SPARE TRUCKS READY
From a Photograph by Stephen Cribb, Southsea

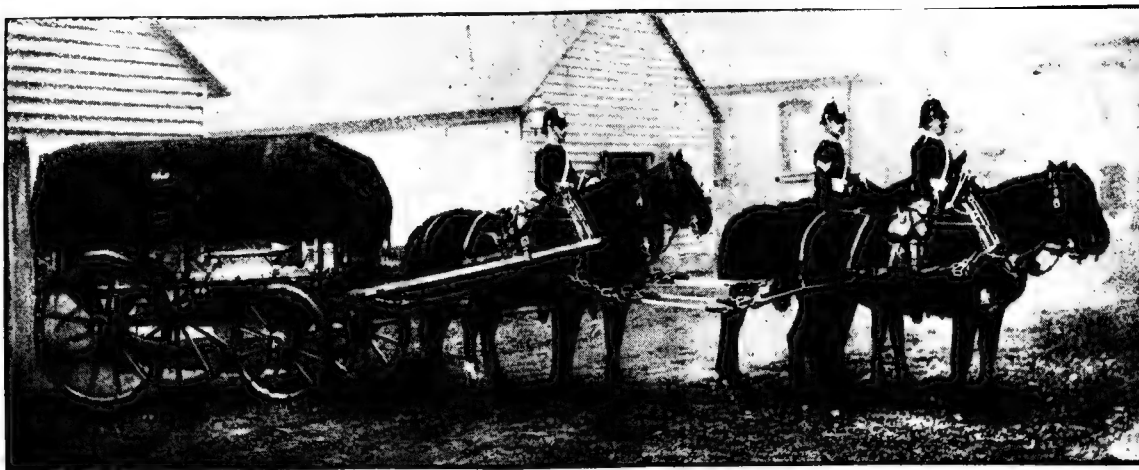


ARMY SERVICE CORPS MEN READY FOR INSPECTION BEFORE BEING EMBARKED



PACK MULES OF THE ARMY SERVICE CORPS

THE Castle liner *Kinfauns Castle*, which left Southampton on Saturday on her maiden voyage to the Cape, carried, in addition to a full complement of ordinary passengers, about 300 troops, including officers and men of the Army Service Corps. The Union liner *Gaika*, which left for the Cape just in front of the *Kinfauns Castle*, had on board, besides other troops, the Ammunition Column, under Major E. S. May, R.I.A., which consists of 193 men, 120 horses, and thirty-eight waggons, drawn from Aldershot and Woolwich.



A WAGGON TEAM OF THE ARMY SERVICE CORPS READY FOR DUTY

From Photographs by W. Gregory and Co., Strand

They presented a very smart appearance, as did also the Army Service Corps contingent, on the *Kinfauns Castle*, in khaki. Only two of the forty-two companies that make up the Corps are in South Africa at present. Much attention was attracted by the fine appearance of the remount "A" Company from Woolwich, which is being sent to Natal. An Army Service Corps with an Army Corps ought to have 200 officers and men, 345 horses including officers' horses, and sixty-six vehicles, four of which are two-horsed and the rest four-horsed.

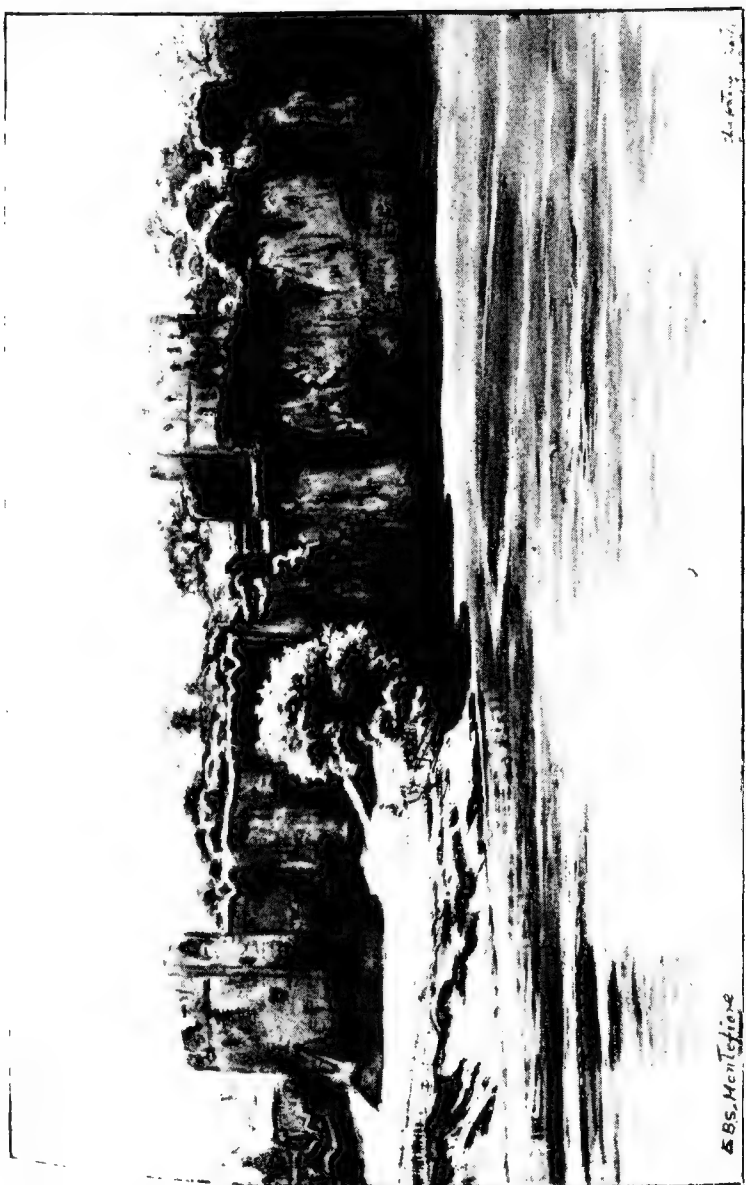


The ammunition column organised at Aldershot left Southampton for the Cape on Saturday on board the Union liner *Gaika*. The column, which is under Major E. S. May, consists of 193 men, 120 horses, and

thirty-eight waggons, drawn from Aldershot and Woolwich. As the steamer left, the decks were crowded with men cheering and waving final farewells

DEPARTURE OF THE AMMUNITION COLUMN ON THE S.S. "GAIKA": A LAST GOOD-BYE

DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

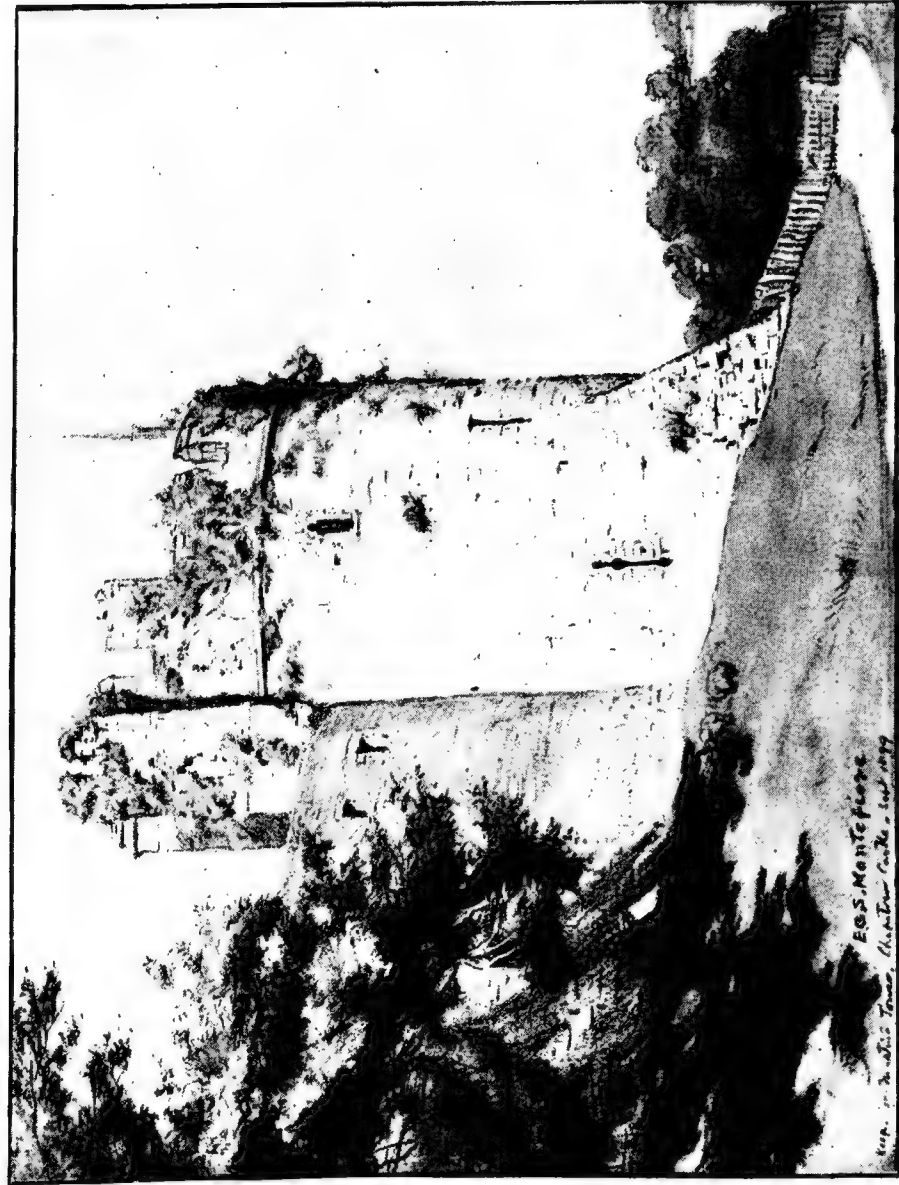


VIEW OF THE RUIN

E. B. Montefiore



INSIDE THE CHIEF GATE



THE KEEP, NOW KNOWN AS MARTEN'S TOWER

E. B. Montefiore



ROOM USED IN TIME OF SIEGE

CHIEPSTOW CASTLE, WHICH HAS BEEN PUT UP FOR SALE THIS WEEK

DRAWN BY E. B. STANLEY MONTEFIORE

The Theatres

By W. MOY THOMAS

"ALONE IN LONDON"

THE development of the public appetite for melodrama is a fact in the dramatic phenomena of these times which causes, I am aware, many worthy persons and well-wishers to the stage some uneasiness; and if it were accompanied by a corresponding decline in the demand for plays of a higher class I confess that there would be some ground for this feeling. But the truth is that, although we have three London theatres of the highest rank, including the historical DRURY LANE, which devote themselves to melodramas, there never was a period when a really brilliant comedy, or even a really brilliant poetical play, would have been so certain to bring its author substantial rewards. As to DRURY LANE, it has forsaken the higher drama for the obvious reason that the vast size of its stage, as Hazlitt complained, is unsuited to the exhibition of the finer qualities of acting, and, indeed, fit for nothing but broad effects and spectacular displays. And why not? it may be asked. There is evidently a large section of the public who enjoy plays of this harmless, if not very intellectual, kind, and there is no reason to suppose that the interests of the higher drama would be served by denying them a lawful pleasure. From this point of view there seems no reason to despair of the Drama because the management of the PRINCESS'S Theatre have chosen to revive *Alone in London*, by Mr. Robert Buchanan and Miss Harriett Jay, which was brought out at the OLYMPIC Theatre fourteen years ago, and has since been revived in London and played in the country far and wide. It is, it is true, a melodrama of a rather pronounced type. Columns would hardly suffice to tell of all the reasons that the unhappy heroine, Mrs. Redcliffe, has to repent the hour when she rejected the suit of honest John Biddlecombe, the Suffolk miller, and linked her destinies with those of the diabolical Richard Redcliffe, whose villainies reach their climax in the great scene of terror and suspense in which he is seen to tie his wife to the post by the sluice gates at Rotherhithe and leave her there to be drowned by the rising tide. But all these attractions might fail but for the plentiful supply of those scenes and incidents of humble life in London which is here provided. The revival undoubtedly gave pleasure to the PRINCESS'S audience on Saturday evening. It is, on the whole, well acted. Miss Lilah McCarthy, in the place of Miss Kate Rorke, who had to relinquish the part through illness, won much sympathy as the heroine. Mr. Frank Cooper played Biddlecombe with fine manly directness, and Mr. William Clayton, as the villainous Redcliffe, was careful to avoid the temptations of the part to exaggeration. When it is added that Miss Harriett Jay has a clever successor in Miss Ethel Ward as the good-hearted street urchin, Chickweed, and that Mr. Emney, Mr. Sydney Howard, and Miss Laura Louren made the most of that important ingredient, the "comic relief," enough has been said to justify the prediction that the revival of *Alone in London* will enjoy a fair measure of success.

The adaptation of MM. Carré and Bilhaud's new comedy, *Ma Bru*, brought out at the CRITERION Theatre last week, is another variation upon the inexhaustible theme of the inquisitive dictatorial and mischief-making mother-in-law; but the piece, though its humours show a tendency to flag here and there, is fairly amusing, and thanks in great part to the acting, it was received with much favour. Miss Fanny Brough brought all her genuine and abundant comic powers to the part of Mrs. Mainwaring senior, who is, of course, the mother-in-law in question, and Mr. Seymour Hicks as the incredibly poor-spirited husband, Miss Ellaline Terriss as his charming young wife, Mr. Herbert Standing as the henpecked Mr. Mainwaring, and Mr. Alfred Bishop as the morose Alderman Brown, were excellent in their respective ways.

Our managers have not been lacking in enterprise of late, but many more novelties are still on the way. On Thursday the new operatic farce, entitled *The Prince of Borneo*—book by Mr. J. W. Herbert, music by Mr. Edward Jones and Mr. G. H. Broadhurst—was produced at the GRAND; and to-night the new play, *Man and His Makers*, by Mr. Wilton Barrett and Mr. Louis N. Parker, will come forth at the LYCEUM. The production of the new musical comedy at DALY'S, *San Toy*, by Mr. E. A. Morton, is announced for Saturday next, the 14th inst., and the same evening has been chosen by the management of the COURT for the production of Captain Robert Marshall's new fanciful comedy, *A Royal Family*. Saturday, the 21st inst., is the date at present arranged for Mr. Grundy's version of *La Tulipe Noire* at the HAYMARKET, and also for Mr. Hall Caine's drama, founded on his novel, *The Christian*, at the DUKE OF YORK'S.

The proprietors of the new theatre at Seacombe, Cheshire, having determined to give to their handsome structure the honoured name of SIR HENRY IRVING, it is in accordance with the fitness of things that that popular actor and manager should wield the silver trowel at the ceremony of laying the corner stone of the IRVING Theatre on Wednesday next. Sir Henry's services in this way appear to be much in request. On Wednesday last he laid the foundation stone of another new theatre to be known as the VICTORIA, at Broughton, one of the populous suburbs of Manchester.

Mrs. Langtry, with her company, and also with Mr. Grundy's new satirical comedy, *The Degenerates*, will migrate from the HAYMARKET to the GARRICK on the 16th inst., from which date forward the parts now played by Mr. Charles Hawtrey and Mr. Gottschalk will be assigned to Mr. Fred Kerr and Mr. De Lange. The comedy must be withdrawn about the middle of December, Mrs. Langtry being under engagement for an American tour commencing early in the new year. Here we may note that this energetic lady hopes about that time to publish her memoirs, on which she has long been engaged.



COUNT MANFRED CLARY-ALDRINGEN
New Austrian Premier

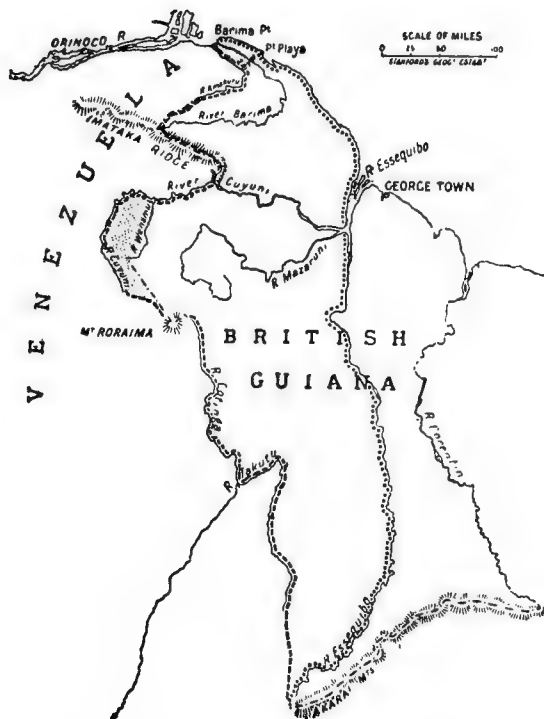
M. MAX RÉGIS
Anti-Semite Ex-Mayor of Algiers

Chepstow Castle

THE Duke of Beaufort has decided to sell the ruins of the Castle of Striguil, commonly known as Chepstow Castle, and the property was to be put up to auction on Thursday at the Beaufort Arms Hotel, Chepstow. The old castle, which rises from a rock on the Wye, is one of the first five Norman castles built in the reign of William the Conqueror. The creeper-clad walls are in excellent condition, and the whole fabric forms, perhaps, the best known and most popular ruins in the country. Chepstow Castle has been the scene of many a stirring historical incident. In the Civil War Cromwell was repulsed there by Sir Nicholas Kemys, who had a garrison of only one hundred men. Cromwell then left Colonel Ewer with a large force to prosecute the siege. The garrison held out until their provisions were exhausted, and even then would not surrender. The fortress was ultimately taken by assault, and Sir Nicholas and forty of his followers were killed during the fighting. Henry Marten, one of the members of the High Court of Justice that condemned Charles I. to death, was confined for twenty years in the keep at Chepstow Castle. At the Restoration Marten was tried as a regicide at the Bailey, was found guilty, but was respited, and ultimately received a reprieve on condition of perpetual imprisonment. He died at Chepstow, and he lies buried in Chepstow Church. The east tower of the fortress is called the Marten Tower after him. Jeremy Taylor was also imprisoned, under a charge of complicity in a Royalist plot, in this keep. Beyond this is the roofless banqueting hall and four successive courts.

The Venezuelan Arbitration

THE effect of the Venezuelan Arbitration Award is, briefly, that Great Britain is given the much-debated Schomburgk line, except as regards two points. Barima Point and the actual mouth of the Barima are cut out from the Schomburgk line and assigned to Venezuela, thus carrying out the proposal made by more than one responsible British Minister to yield this point to Venezuela as possibly important to the trade and security of the Orinoco. The other point at which a small deviation from the Schomburgk line has been made in favour of Venezuela is that the boundary, after reaching the Cuyuni, does not run to the head of that river, but stops somewhat short and turns down the Wenamu.



The left hand dotted line shows the extreme claim made by Great Britain, and the right that made by Venezuela. The shaded portion shows the territory which has been lost by us, the frontier, with those exceptions, being as we claimed it to be.

MAP OF BRITISH GUIANA, SHOWING THE EFFECT OF THE VENEZUELAN AWARD

Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

A DISTINGUISHED foreign diplomatist, who has for several years accredited to the Court of St. James, once asserted that in no other country are statesmen and leading men so indiscreet as they are in England. The most secret items of news are continually disclosed at West End dinner-tables and in West End clubs; imparted in whispers to this one, who presently passes the intelligence—in whispers—to that one, who in turn communicates it—also in whispers—to each of his particular friends. An instance of especially gross indiscretion is said to have occurred soon after the close of the last Cabinet Council, when a summary of the proposed ultimatum was disclosed. Since that, stringent orders have been issued to prevent a recurrence of such indiscreet revelations.

It is this want of reticence on the part of leading Englishmen which makes an important London club—whatever its political associations may be—especially interesting when any great event is attracting general attention. At the moment of writing many rumours are current, but two are more prominent than the rest—to wit, that the Queen is exercising a restraining influence in favour of peace, and that the War Office system has developed certain serious defects.

The possible effect which events may have on the political position of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is also providing a subject for discussion at the clubs. The future may so shape itself that he might consider it necessary to resign. Were war to break out, were the British forces to meet with reverses at the outset, and were hostilities to be prolonged beyond a few months, the Government would become open to serious attacks. The average West End man is convinced that the Government had resolved many months ago to obtain its ends, either by peaceful negotiations or by force, and he, therefore, feels strongly that all preparations to use the latter should have been completed before the crisis became acute.

The report that an arrangement has been arrived at with regard to Delagoa Bay is especially persistent, even amongst those who have the best opportunities of obtaining information connected with that matter. That is the more curious as the report has been several times contradicted officially.

The phrase "Peace with honour" was used by Lord Beaconsfield to sum up in a popular expression the results of his labours at the Berlin Conference. A correspondence has been opened in the *Times* for the purpose of tracing the phrase to its original source. It is probable that the combination of the words "peace" and "honour" has occurred millions of times, and in very remote ages, but a phrase, like all other things, to be successful must be fortunate. It was the fact that so distinguished a man as Lord Beaconsfield used it on so important an occasion which gave the phrase the popularity which it now enjoys.

A striking instance which bears out the contention that it is necessary to be fortunate to be successful has been brought to light recently. Many years ago a Scotchman discovered that it was possible to telegraph from point to point without the assistance of connecting wires. That Scotchman was not fortunate, for he lived at a period when the discovery did not fit the particular plan of life which surrounded him. Signor Marconi, has, however, rediscovered the system at a moment when it does dovetail with other circumstances, and he has bounded into world-wide celebrity.

Our Portraits

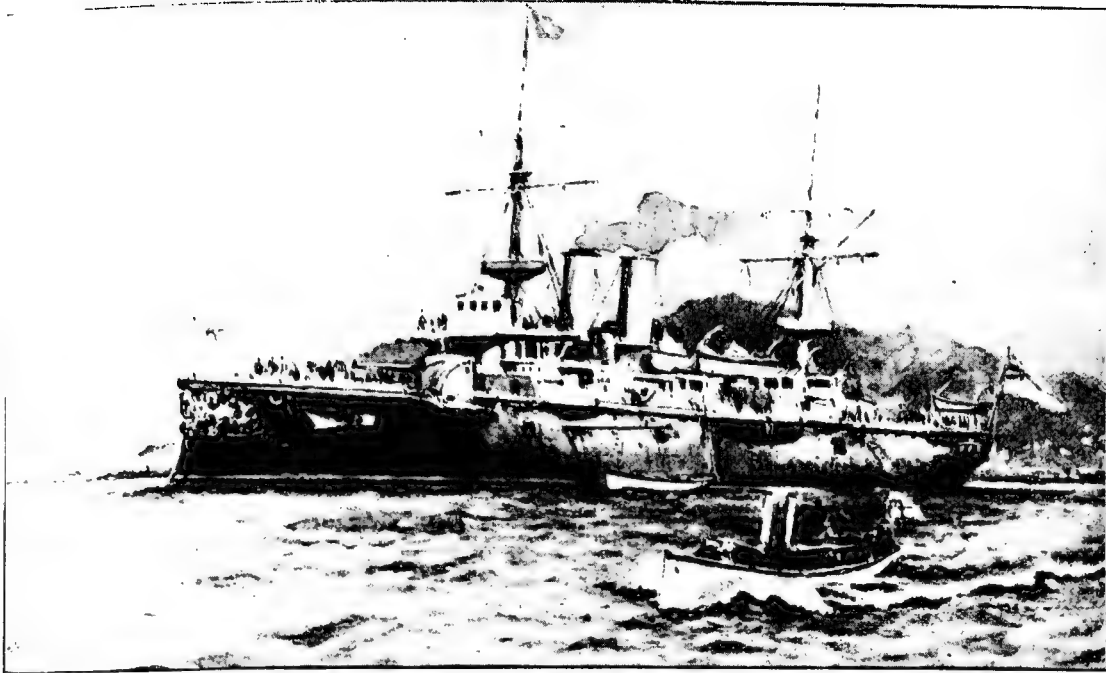
COUNT THUN and the Austrian Ministry, having promulgated the outstanding portions of the *Ausgleich* with Hungary by Ministerial decree in virtue of the Emergency Clause of the Constitution, placed their resignation in the hands of the Emperor. Their resignation was hastened by the refusal of the Emperor to take part in the projected Compromise Conference. They had also lost the confidence of the majority, especially of the Czechs. After some delay, a new Ministry was formed, with Count Manfred Clary-Aldringen as Premier and Minister of Agriculture. Herr Koeber Minister of the Interior, Dr. Von Witteck Minister of Railways, and Count Welsersheimb Minister of National Defence. Herr von Hottel and Dr. Stibral, Departmental Chiefs in the Ministries of Public Instruction and Commerce, take charge of the respective Departments. The new Premier, Count Manfred Clary-Aldringen, was born on May 30, 1852. Educated at Vienna University, he began life as a clerk in the Civil Service, and subsequently became lieutenant in a Lancer regiment. Returning to civil life, he was for many years in an important position in the public service at Klagenfurt. Later he became Governor of Styria. Count Manfred Clary-Aldringen is a younger brother of Prince Charles Clary-Aldringen. The family is descended from a Bohemian nobleman of the sixteenth century, and the title of Prince was bestowed on the head of the family in 1767.

The notorious anti-Semite, M. Max Régis, ex-Mayor of Algiers, who at one time seemed likely to rival M. Guérin, evidently regretted better of his determination to stand a siege, and slipped out of his house at Algiers the other day with all his friends, and no address. An official search was made by the police next morning, and arms and munitions were discovered in the villa. A warrant of arrest had been issued against M. Max Régis and his accomplices. It charged them with murder, attempted murder, complicity in murder, and rebellion. The latest news from Algiers tends to show that the present disorders were organized during M. Régis's last stay in France, and that there is probably a connection between the occurrences in Algiers and the "Chabrol" affair.

THROUGH THE NINETEENTH CENTURY—X.

THE PROGRESS OF THE NAVY—PART II.

Illustrated by EDWARD DE MARTINO, Marine Painter in Ordinary to the Queen



H. M. S. "AUSTRALIA"
Steel Armoured Cruiser. Designed in 1884. Displacement, 5,600 tons; length, 350 feet. Sister vessels, *Aurora*, *Galatea*, *Imortalité*, *Narcissus*, *Orlando*, *Undaunted*

Naval Administration of the Century

By H. W. WILSON

POLITICAL

POLITICALLY considered, the history of the Navy falls into five periods—the first of immense and sustained effort embracing the Napoleonic wars, and only concluding in 1815; the second of extreme exhaustion and slow recovery, marked by the decline of our sea power and the practical surrender of our claim to command the sea, as against any other naval Power, occupying the years from 1815 to 1854; the third, comprising the years of the Crimean War and the naval competition with Louis Napoleon—of considerable effort, which ceased with Mr. Gladstone's advent to power in 1868, and was succeeded from 1869 to 1884 by a fourth period of naval inactivity, marked by the readiness of three Governments, Conservative and Liberal, to play the gambler's game and risk the Empire on a chance. Fifth and last comes a fresh period of activity and effort, the period in which we are now living, and which has seen the strength of our Navy raised from a figure of bare equality to France and Russia to a figure of slight superiority to France and Russia combined.

Those who love the Navy would fain dwell upon the first and last periods alone. But there are some things which a nation should never forget. How can we overlook the fact that in 1842, when this country was on the very edge of war with France, our fleet was in such a state that, according to the verdict of able officers in the Navy, defeat by

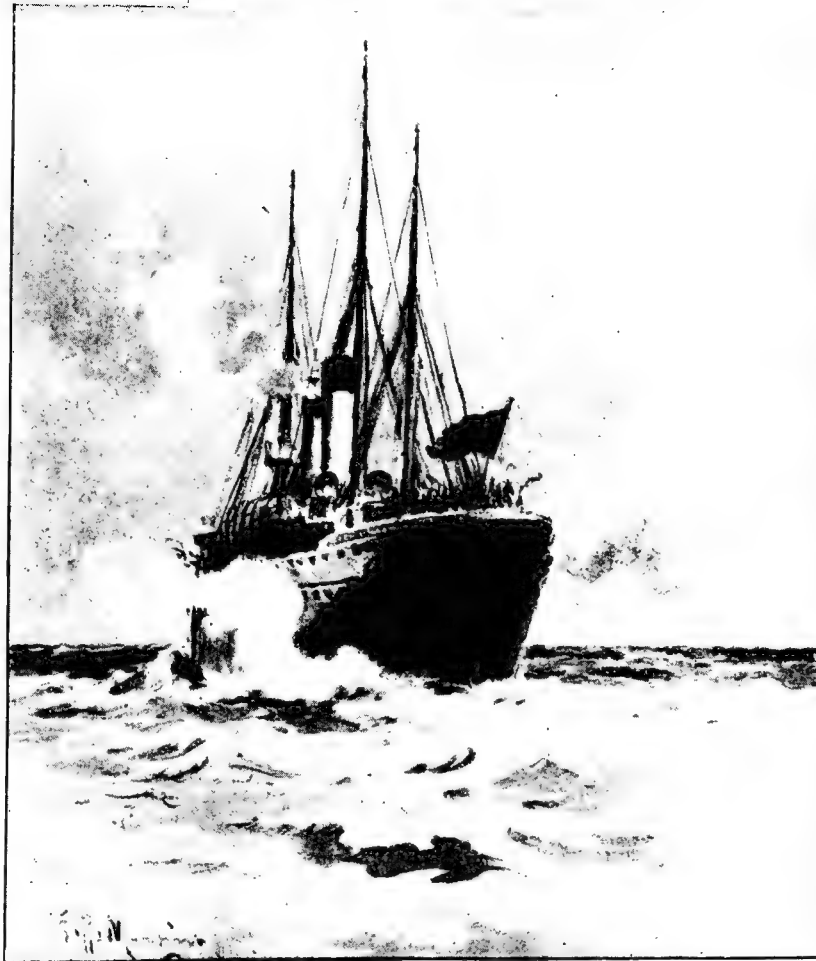
France would have been certain and inevitable? Or that in 1842, owing to the inefficient state of our Navy, a discreditable surrender over the Tahiti affairs was forced upon us? Or that in 1859, when, according to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, war with France was a matter of hours and minutes, our neighbours had a stronger fleet ready for sea than ourselves? Or the unpreparedness, and bad organisation, of our Navy in the Crimean War? Or the panics and wasteful expenditure involved in the alarms of 1878 and 1885? The nation should understand distinctly that, in spite of Admiralty Boards manned by experienced officers, and in spite of Governments, composed of professedly patriotic men, there were whole decades through which its naval strength was allowed to remain at a point that would have rendered defeat almost certain. A catastrophe, in fact, was only averted by turmoil on the Continent, which occupied the main attention of our rivals. Through those years the

England of Cromwell and Chatham and Nelson may be said to have existed literally on sufferance.

FINANCE AND MATERIEL

If we take, at various important dates, the amount voted for the British Navy and the strength of the British and French fleets in the two leading classes, of battleships or ships of the line and cruisers or frigates, we shall get an idea of the variable nature of our naval policy. The French strength can, unfortunately, be given only in a few instances:—

		British Amount Voted.	British		French.	
			Battleships.	Cruisers.	Battleships.	Cruisers.
1804	War	£13,282,000	180	233	50	32
Note.—Eve of Trafalgar Campaign.						
1812	War	20,442,000	245	272	113	72
Note.—War with France and U.S.A.						
1820	Peace	6,691,000	146	164	58†	29†
1840	Peace	6,182,000	89	117	44†	56†
Note.—War with France considered imminent.						
1859	Peace	11,775,000	52*	38*	41†	57*
Note.—Eve of transformation of navies.						
1871	Peace	9,739,000	—	—	—	—
1888	Peace	13,682,000	37	—	23	—
Note.—Eve of Naval Defence Act.						
1899	Peace	26,594,000	53	126	32	57
Note.—Maximum expenditure recorded in our history.						



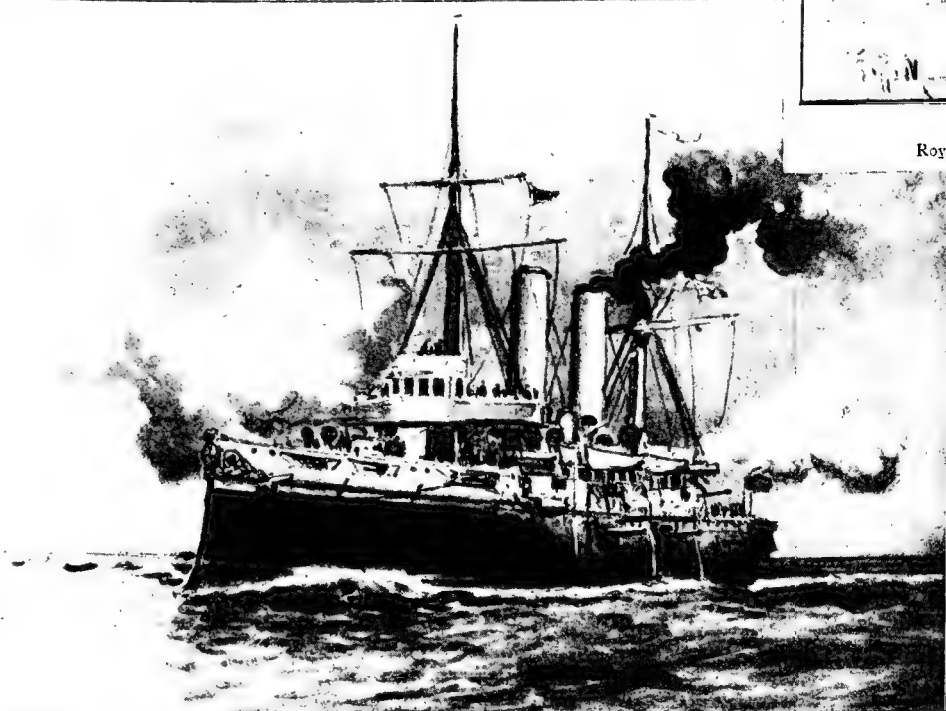
S. S. "TEUTONIC"
Royal Naval Reserved Merchant Cruiser. Designed in 1888. Length, 565 feet.

The British estimates, it will be noticed, were just doubled between 1889 and 1899. In the same period the French naval estimates rose 50 per cent.; the Russian were more than doubled; the German were doubled; and the United States estimates increased by 114 per cent. In part the increased cost of navies in the latter years of the century is due to the increased costliness of the ships themselves. Thus, whereas in 1800 a first-class vessel of the line could be built for 50,000*l.* or less, to-day a first-class battleship cannot be completed for sea at a less price than a million. Guns, which in 1850 cost 20*l.* to 25*l.* the ton, now cost 100*l.* per ton or more.

To some extent the figures given for 1888 and 1899 obscure the great advance made in strength by the British Navy. Before the Naval Defence Act the British battleships were not as a rule superior in size, armament, and seaworthiness to the French. Now, however, we have forty battleships of the best type, large, seaworthy, and homogeneous, building or completed, to thirteen French ships of similar class. We have, that is to say, a qualitative as well as a quantitative advantage. Against France and Russia combined we

* Steamers only from this year. † Four "ironclad frigates."

‡ These figures only give effective ships, and should be increased by at least 50 per cent. for comparison with England.



H. M. S. "CRESCENT"
Protected Steel Cruiser. Designed in 1890. Displacement, 7,700 tons; length, 360 feet. Sister vessels, *Grafton*, *Edgar*, *Hawke*, *Endymion*, *Royal Arthur*, *Gibraltar*, *St. George*, *Thetis*

are still only very slightly to the good in battleships, while on numbers we are distinctly behind them. Our pecuniary outlay on the Navy is about the same as theirs, when allowance is made for the fact that they pay very much less for their officers and seamen, owing to compulsory service. In fact, Russia pays her men less than one-fourth of what we pay ours.

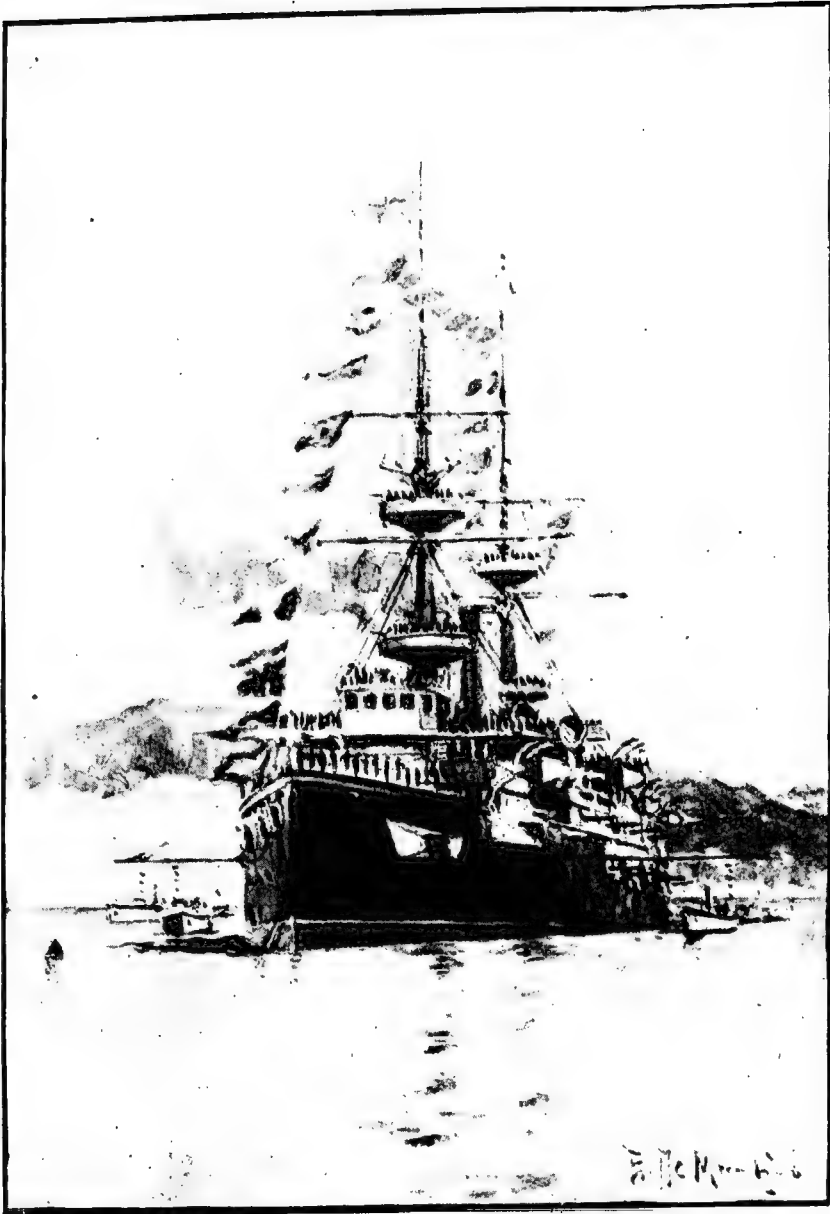
In the last fifteen years the British Navy has been indirectly strengthened by the provision of a magnificent system of fortified dockyards and coaling stations throughout the Empire. Secure bases have thus been afforded to our foreign squadrons. With the exception of Gibraltar, Halifax, Port Regal, and Bombay, we had no such system of dockyards and arsenals in distant waters at the beginning of the century, and little was done to develop the fine positions which came into our hands during the great war until recent years. There were no docks at Gibraltar before the Naval Works Act.

PERSONNEL

In this direction has the century wrought more far-reaching changes than in the system of manning the fleet. In the Napoleonic War men were obtained by voluntary enlistment—a large bounty being usually offered to volunteers—by drafts on the various counties, inland as well as maritime, by drafts on the gaols, poachers and smugglers being often allowed to exchange imprisonment for service in the Navy, and by the press gang, which, as Napoleon contemptuously said, took the poor and spared the gentleman. The discipline, to hold down such a nondescript collection of men, had to be severe and brutal, though, with a good captain, there was not much of which a decent seaman had to complain. Still there was smouldering discontent throughout the lower ranks, and in 1805 a distinguished Admiral warned the authorities that very many of the seamen were thoroughly disaffected. With the close of the war the odious press gang disappeared. Essentially undemocratic in its methods, it has never since been revived, and in future, if men should be wanted, they will have to be taken by some juster form of compulsion, which does not spare the rich and make distinctions of class. Up to 1852 men were only enlisted for a particular commission in a particular ship, and vessels were often three, and sometimes six, months in harbour before a crew could be obtained. This miserable, unbusiness-like method finally ended in 1859, when a Royal Commission reported in favour of the present system, by which boys are taken young, trained for the Navy, and expected to serve for twelve years. The results have been admirable. The nation has replaced the scum of the streets and of the merchant service by good class, well-educated men, permeated by the feeling of *esprit de corps*. Flogging has been abolished in time of peace, and the discipline, though in all senses what it should be, has lost its old severity and brutality. At no period in the history of our Navy have we possessed as fine and well-trained a personnel.

There has been much variation in the number of men borne. In 1800 it was 120,000; in 1814, 140,000; in 1816, 33,000, which figure declined till 1841, when 43,000 were carried. At the height of the Crimean War we had 76,000 men; in 1860, 84,000, after which there was a melancholy fall till in 1883 the total was only 57,250. From that date the total rises to 62,400 in 1888, 74,100 in 1892, 93,750 in 1896, 106,390 in 1898, and 110,640 in the present year. The latter is the highest total recorded for our Navy in time of peace.

In the early years of the century the personnel was composed of seamen and marines. Steam has added the engineer branch, which is gaining fast on



H. M. S. "MAJESTIC"
Steel Armoured Ship. Designed in 1893. Displacement, 14,900 tons; length, 390 feet. Sister ships: *Magnificent, Hannibal, Prince George, Victorious, Mars, Illustrious, Caesar, and Jupiter*

the others. The relative proportions of the three at various dates were:—

	1800	1820	1838	1878	1893
Seamen	97,300	15,000	30,809	27,911	44,336
Engineers	—	—	3,851	5,627	22,289
Marines	22,696	8,000	14,912	13,727	17,099

The rapid rise in importance of the engineer justifies the engineer officer's demand for executive authority over his men—a demand



A TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER MAKING BAD WEATHER

which must, sooner or later, be conceded in England as it has already been conceded in the United States.

ORGANISATION

In this department the advance has been less than in any other; we are still without a naval staff, and there is a want of definite administrative responsibility in the Admiralty Board, as at present constituted. To the writer has no wish to descend to particulars, it is clear that officers are selected to the Board as much for seniority as for their commanding talents. Now as the Board is entrusted with the organisation and control of the Navy in peace and war, it is a matter of the extremest national importance that this organisation and control should be in the hands of the very best men in the Navy—if possible in the hands of young men, who are less conservative and less apt to fall back on the delusive argument that what was good enough in 1805 and 1815 is good enough to-day. With the tendency to direct war by telegraph from headquarters—a tendency which was seen clearly in the American-Spanish War—the danger of a many-headed irresponsible Board grows. Timidity is the danger most to be feared, and great timidity we observe in the strategy of the American-Spanish War. The experience of the ages is strong against the conduct of war by Boards. Nowhere else amongst the great Powers of the Continent does the British system obtain. It may work fairly in peace, when closely watched by the public, but, after all, the purpose of a Navy is to win victory in war, and all its organisation should be prepared for war. The past history of the Board, whether in peace or war, is such as to condemn the institution with unprejudiced men. Even now, information which in Germany and the United States is readily given to the public, is in England withheld from the public and Parliament.

CHANGES IN TACTICS

At the beginning of the century the great aim of British commanders was to close on their enemy to what was known as "pistol shot" or "half pistol shot," a distance of 150 to seventy-five feet, and disable him by a very rapid and accurate fire, directed at his hull. Then, when his heavy-gun fire was got under, and his crew shaken, boarders swept into his ship and carried it. With the advent of steam, making the ship independent of wind and sea, the ram came into fashion, and was actually employed in the American Civil War and at the battle of Lissa. The torpedo, however, rendered ramming unnecessary, and compelled long-range action. When, towards the close of the seventies, Mr. Whitehead introduced his terrible weapon, the appearance of small fast torpedo-boats for a time threatened the battleship, and even to-day, for the want of war experience, it is difficult to say what type will in the long run prevail. Most nations are building alike battleships and torpedo vessels so as to be sure that whatever happens. The torpedo boat, however, though suitable for a weak Power which has to act solely on the defensive, cannot go far from its own coast, and prolonged strain. It is not seaworthy, and its machinery is extremely delicate. These defects must be remedied if it is to replace the battleship, and it is difficult of discovery. Since 1889 there has been a marked tendency to construct fast and heavy battleships, which, though the Admiralty does not greatly fear the torpedo, for the newest factor of all in naval warfare, it is as yet impossible to predict what it may do. It is far from perfect—the weapon of the weak, not the strong Power.

The "Gliding" Machine Accident

MR. PILCHER in England, like Lilienthal in Austria, was one of the sacrifices in the slowly advancing science of aeronautics. The experiment at Stanford Hall, near Market Harborough, which caused his death, was no foolhardy feat, but one which he had repeated, with varying modifications, many times before. Mr. Pilcher's was not a flying machine, but, as he himself used to call it, a "gliding machine." The principle of its flight was that of the aeroplane; more familiarly that of the kite, or of the piece of cardboard which schoolboys send "scaling" through the air. The idea was that the wings or aeroplanes of the gliding machine would keep its body, together with the weight of the experimenter, suspended by the pressure of the air from underneath so long as the wings had a sufficient velocity in a forward direction. Mr. Pilcher, who was a most enthusiastic student of all that related to flying machines, and a constant speaker at the debates of the Aeronautical Society, made his first experiments from the elevations of hills, and secured the initial velocity necessary for giving himself and his machine a short skim through the air by taking a preliminary run. Later, however, he secured the requisite start by an attachment of two ropes, one of which was used to direct and hold up the machine (and had the desirable advantage of reducing the risk of accident), and the other of which dragged the machine forward and gave it its "start." During the last three years, however, he gradually increased the size of his machine, and added a "tail"—very like the tail of a bird—by which he hoped to be able to alter the angle



GOLD CUP PRESENTED TO ADMIRAL DEWEY

experiments were always carried on against the wind, and the

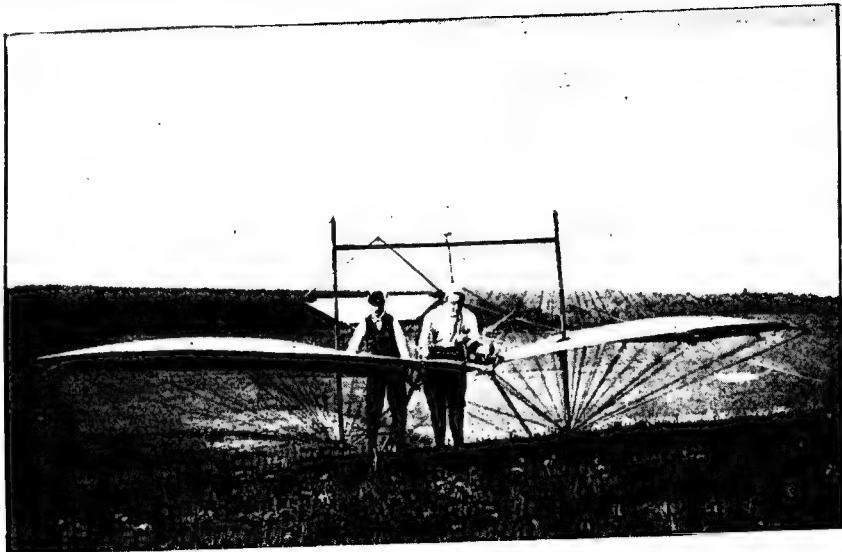
of the aeroplane's flight while it was still in motion. With the tail, of course, the suspending rope was dispensed with. On the occasion when he met his death in Lord Braye's park, no suspending rope was used, and the necessary start for the huge kite, for that was what it was in effect, was imparted to it by a rope drawn by two horses. There was a heavy wind blowing, but this would have not rendered the experiment much more dangerous, for it must be remembered that these "gliding"

greater its force the greater the chance of success. It does appear to have caused the accident was the tail, the attachment of which had been saturated by rain, and which suddenly refusing to act, or perhaps suddenly coming into action with a jerk, brought the machine out of the wind, and down to the ground with a crash. The unfortunate aeronaut, falling from a height of fifty feet, fractured his legs, and died next day from shock. Our photographs are by J. Bulbeck, Strand.

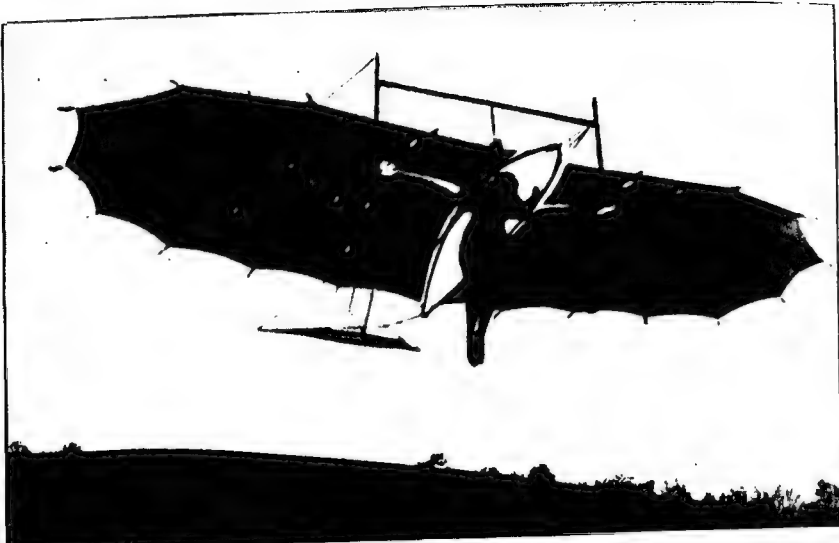
Presentation to Admiral Dewey

A HANDSOME loving cup has been presented to Admiral Dewey by the City of New York. It is made entirely of pure twenty-four carat gold. Each handle is in form a dolphin wrought in green gold, and around the neck of the cup cluster forty-five stars. The handles divide the body of the cup into three panels. On the central panel is a portrait in relief of the Admiral, surrounded by a wreath of oak leaves, and resting upon an eagle with outstretched wings, underneath which are the letters G.D., U.S.N.; the second panel bears a picture of the *Olympia*; and the third bears the coat of arms of the City of New York and an inscription. The cup is 13 inches high and holds 4½ quarts.

THE DEWEY TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT NEW YORK is greatly admired that various wealthy citizens propose to make the structure permanent. It would be constructed in marble and bronze.



READY TO START



IN MID-AIR

THE FATAL ACCIDENT TO MR. PILCHER: THE "GLIDING" MACHINE AT WORK

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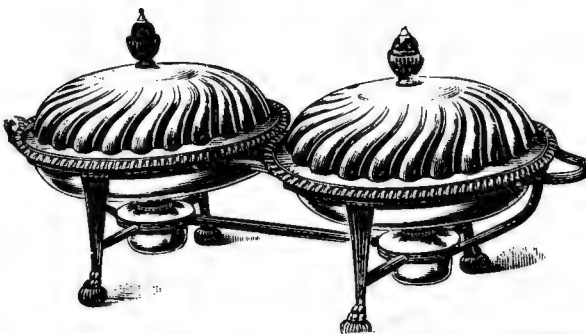
The Public Supplied by the Actual Makers at Manufacturers' Wholesale Cash Prices, Saving all Intermediate Profits.



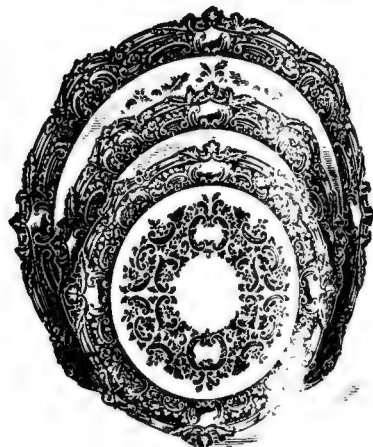
"Prince's Plate" Soup Tureen, Richly Chased in Style of Louis XV., with Revolving Cover, Loose Inner Dish and Drainer, 10 in., £10; 12 in., £12



Sterling Silver Fluted Bowl and Plinth, for Flowers, Fruits, Punch, &c.
9½ in. Diameter £7 15s.
7½ " " " " " " 5 15s.
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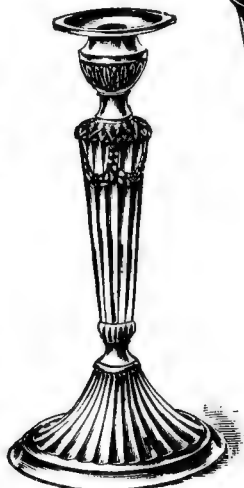
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10 " .. 10 15 0 | 14 " .. 15 10 0
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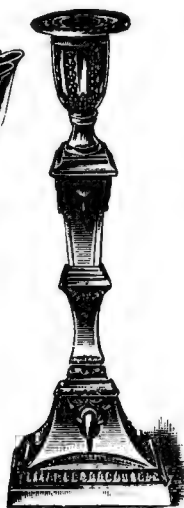
Sterling Silver Oblong Inkstand, with Gadroon Mounts, two Richly Cut Bottles, with Hinged Mounts to match, 7¼ in. long, £6 15s.



Oval Candlesticks, Richly Fluted and Chased.
Per pair.
Sterling Silver "Prince's Plate"
9 inches, £6 15 0 .. £3 10 0
10 " 8 5 0 .. 4 5 0
11 " 9 5 0 .. 4 15 0
12 " 10 5 0 .. 5 5 0



Oval Fruit Dish, in Sterling Silver, Richly Chased and Gilt all over. 13½ in. long. £25.



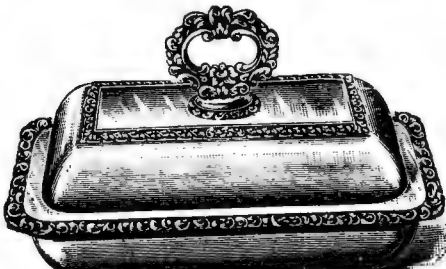
Registered Design.
Richly Chased Table Candlesticks
Sterling Silver "Prince's Plate"
11 inches, £11 0 0 .. £5 5 0
12 " 12 12 0 .. 5 15 0



Breakfast Dish, with Fluted Cover, a Converts into Three Dishes by simply inverting it. Large Size, in "Prince's Plate," £15.



"Prince's Plate" Soda and Brandy Frame, with very handsome Cut Glass Bottle and 2 Tumblers, and spaces for 2 Seltzer and 2 Soda Water Bottles, £5 5s.



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PLATO MEDITATING ON IMMORTALITY BEFORE SOCRATES, THE BUTTERFLY, SKULL, AND POPPY, ABOUT 400 B.C. (The Head of Plato is from an Ancient Marble Bust, discovered in Greece, now in the Museum at Rome.)

—Smiles

BURNS says:—

‘IT’S NO IN TITLES, NOR IN RANK,
IT’S NO IN WEALTH LIKE LON’ON BANK
TO PURCHASE PEACE AND REST;
IT’S NO IN MAKING MUCKLE MAIR;
IT’S NO IN BOOKS, IT’S NO IN LEAR,
TO MAKE US TRULY BLEST.
IF HAPPINESS HAE NOT HER SEAT
AND CENTRE IN THE BREAST,
WE MAY BE WISE, OR RICH, OR GREAT,
BUT NEVER CAN BE BLEST.’

LOVE OF LIFE.

‘Tis Life, Not Death,
For which we Pant;
More Life and Fuller,
That we want!

—Tennyson.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS AT HOME AND ABROAD.—“From the days of Neaman the Syrian to the present time the simplicity of a remedy often militates against its acceptability in the eyes of the ignorant sufferer. As the captain of the host of the King of Syria rebelled at the injunction ‘Wash and be clean,’ so the dyspeptic of to-day, in only too many instances, treats with scorn and contempt a curative agent at once so natural and efficacious as ENO’S ‘FRUIT SALT.’ And this in the face of evidences of its value as numerous as they are unimpeachable. In this particular case, however, Mr. J. C. Eno, whose name is more prominently connected with saline preparations than any other manufacturer, may rightly claim to have generally educated the public mind up to an approximately appreciative understanding of the remedial virtues possessed by this compound. The labour has been a Herculean one, demanding not only an almost heroic amount of strength and courage, but also an infinite measure of wit and originality that have scarcely met with the recognition so justly their due. Did the world stand still or did the generation that is to be benefit very fully by the experience gathered by their predecessors, but little necessity would exist for dwelling upon the special recommendations of ENO’S world famous ‘FRUIT SALT.’ It is not too much to say that its merits have been published, tested and approved literally from pole to pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one

of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records. In view of the constant and steady influx of new buyers into all the markets of the world, it is impossible to rest on laurels, however arduously won or freshly gathered, and for this reason I have pleasure in again, though briefly, directing the attention of readers of this journal to the genuine qualities possessed by ENO’S ‘FRUIT SALT.’ Residents in the fever-haunted regions to be found in some of our Colonial possessions, travellers at home and abroad, dwellers in the tropics, the bon vivant no less than the man to whom the recommendation, ‘Eat and be merry,’ is a sarcasm and a gibe—one and all may, with advantage to themselves, be reminded of a remedy that meets their special requirements with a success approaching the miraculous.”—The European Mail.

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A Life of Thackeray*

MR. LEWIS MELVILLE has produced an admirable biography. There is an amount of life, of realism, in Mr. Melville's writing, or in other words, he has given us such a living presentment of Thackeray, has placed us in the position of being able to enter into the workings of his mind, to rejoice with him over his joys and successes, and to grieve with him in his failures and sorrows, that it is with a kind of shock that, looking up from the book, we realise that the great novelist, critic, satirist, and humorist is no longer with us, and that we are reading of one who was laid to rest thirty-five years ago. Full of sympathy and of admiration as is the author for the subject of his memoirs, he is perfectly fair in his criticisms; he does not gloss over or attempt to excuse his faults or his failings, nor does he bespatter him with flattery or undue praise; in fact Mr. Melville has written a work which Thackeray himself, with all his hatred of humbug and cant, would, had it been possible, have greatly appreciated.

There is a popular rumour to the effect that Thackeray expressed a wish that his life should never be written. Mr. Melville says:—

The story goes that some years before his death he was so disgusted with an unduly fulsome biography he was reading that he laid down the volume, saying to his daughters, "Let there be none of this when I go." They interpreted this remark literally, with the result that neither the members of his family nor his intimate friends have attempted to compile an "official" biography. Even assuming the story to be true, I cannot think Thackeray wished the story of his life to remain unwritten. I think his only desire was that the truth should be told, that all the scars should be painted in the portrait for he himself liked to read of the lives of literary men.

The biographer continues:—

His (Thackeray's) stories are frequently autobiographical; there has never lived an author whose writings have been more personal. . . . He used his own experiences to a very great extent, and the reader, knowing the author's life, must certainly find an added pleasure in perusing the various stories.

His departure from India, his arrival in England, his early school life, the Chesham days, Larkbeare, Cambridge, the visit to Weimar, Paris, and elsewhere, his misadventures in London, his Deuceace, his life in the Paris studios, the newspapers he was connected with, the people he met, the places he visited, even his illnesses, are all reproduced.

The most interesting years of Thackeray's life begin naturally at the time when he first took up journalism as a profession. It was in 1836 that he returned to London from Paris to settle the preliminaries of a scheme for establishing a daily newspaper projected by his stepfather, Major Smyth. A respectable paper, called the *Public Ledger* (with a small and ever-decreasing circulation), was bought, and its name changed to the *Constitutional and Public Ledger*; Laman Blanchard was its editor and Thackeray the Paris correspondent. The venture was not a success, and the paper died a natural death. Major Smyth lost most of his fortune, and Thackeray all that was left of his patrimony.

Early in the *Constitutional* days Thackeray married the daughter of Colonel Matthew Shaw, an Irish officer. At this time he was five-and-twenty years of age, and entirely dependent upon his salary.

"When the *Constitutional* failed," says Mr. Melville, "Thackeray having a wife to provide for, and having no source of income, plunged into work with immense energy, and wrote for many magazines and papers, though, as most of the writings were published anonymously, it is possible to trace only a few of the articles. Most of the writing was hack-work, and, with a fine indifference, he supplied drawings, novelettes, stories, reviews, art criticisms, foreign correspondence, and poems, in great profusion to *Fraser's Magazine*, *Bentley's Miscellany*, *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*, the *Westminster Review*, *Cruikshank's Omnibus* and *Comic Almanack*."

* "The Life of William Makepeace Thackeray." By Lewis Melville. (Hutchinson.)

the *Times*, the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Globe*, *Galignani's Messenger*, &c."

In 1837, a review from his pen of "Carlyle's French Revolution" appeared in the *Times*, of which the sage of Chelsea did not altogether approve. The philosopher wrote to his brother:—

I understand there have been many reviews of a mixed character. I got one in the *Times* last week. The writer is one Thackeray, a half-monstrous Cornish giant, kind of painter, Cambridge man, and Paris newspaper correspondent, who is writing for his life in London. . . . His article is rather like him, and, I suppose, calculated to do the book good.

Thackeray was very severe upon what he considered to be literature of a pernicious tendency, upon books of the type of "Jack Sheppard" and "Eugene Aram." A story called "Elizabeth Brownrigg," of which the authorship has been often discussed, but which the author of this biography attributes undoubtedly to Thackeray, and the same author's "Catherine," were both written

to counteract the injurious influence of some popular fictions of the day, which made heroes of highwaymen and burglars, and created a false sympathy for the vicious and criminal.

When "Ernest Maltravers" fell to him for criticism, the lash was applied with the utmost vigour. But, says Mr. Melville, "in this article, in his zeal for the pure and healthy in literature, Thackeray went too far." However, later on, he found that he had been rather too severe. "When, in after days, Thackeray wrote: 'I suppose we all begin by being too savage. I know one who did,' it was of these early papers he must have been thinking—chiefly, no doubt, of his personal and satirical attacks on Lytton (then simply Edward Bulwer) in *Fraser*."

In 1840 "The Shabby Genteel Story" made its appearance. It began in the June number of *Fraser's Magazine*, and in the following October it was brought to an abrupt conclusion without a word of explanation. When, however, the fragment was reprinted in the "Miscellanies" (published in 1857), a note was prefixed by the author, which, to those who knew of his misfortune, was very touching. It ran:—

It was my intention to complete the little story of which only the first part is here written. The tale was interrupted at a sad period of the writer's own life. The colours are long since dry; the artist's hand is changed. It is best to leave the sketch as it was when it was first designed seventeen years ago. The memory of the past is renewed as he looks at it.

Die Bilder f'cher Tage
Und manche liebe T'chatten seien auf.

The explanation of the abrupt conclusion of "The Shabby Genteel Story" is indeed very sad. In May his third child was born, and his wife became very ill, the illness eventually affecting her mind. Thackeray at first thought this was the natural sequence of her illness, and might pass away in time. But the unfortunate lady never recovered. After travelling about from place to place for many months, he realised that the case was hopeless, and his wife was placed with a Mr. and Mrs. Thompson at Leigh, in Essex. "She outlived her husband by so many years that it was with a shock, having already been dead to the world for nearly forty years, that the announcement of her death, in January, 1894, at the age of seventy-five, was read."

Thackeray never divulged how much he felt the blow that had shattered his happiness; he was not a man to parade his sorrows in public. Still, from one source and another, it has been possible to glean something of the deep grief felt by Thackeray at this time, and, for the matter of that, for the rest of his life.

"I was as happy as the day was long with her," he told one of his cousins, and one day when Trollope's groom said to him, "I hear you have written a book upon Ireland, and are always making fun of the Irish; you don't like us," Thackeray's eyes filled with tears as he thought of his wife—born in county Cork—and he replied, turning away his head, "God help me! all that I love best is Irish."

It may appear somewhat strange that Thackeray, who, notwithstanding the amount he had written, was practically unknown outside literary circles and his own intimate friends, should have made his appearance in 1846, at which date he was thirty-five years of age. Mr. Melville explains the delay in different ways; in the first instance by using some of his *guerre*, which prevented the public from recognising him, and also—and, in our opinion, this is the true reason—because Thackeray (unlike his contemporaries, who "appealed to the public") was not above playing to it; "so far from being willing to educate it to his own intellectual level—a performance slow and not at all renunerative to the tutor,"

"Vanity Fair" was not a success at first:—

The earlier numbers failed to attract attention, and even stopping its publication was mooted; but, fortunately, later on, increasing with great strides, the success of the venture was assured.

There has been much speculation as to what caused the delay in such brilliant success, and many reasons have been suggested. It is that the change in the public attitude was the result of the *Edinburgh Review* for January, 1843, while others insist that the world to the merits of the work was attracted by "Curran's dedication to Thackeray, prefixed to the second edition of his book, 'Mrs. Perkins's Ball,' that made him popular."

In 1847 people were accustomed to buy their literature in green, yellow, or pink covered monthly parts (the covers of "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," and "The Newcomes" contained in the first volume of this "Life.") During the year of the greatest success of "Vanity Fair" only about 6,000 copies of a number were sold, while the circulation of the parts of Thackeray's novels was frequently as much as 20,000 or 25,000.

On the question of the difficulty of finding a publisher for the novel Mr. Melville quotes Mr. Vizetelly, who said:—

The hawking about of "Vanity Fair," of course, presupposed a manuscript was complete, and was submitted in this state to the publishers, who declined with thanks; but I'm positive that when the manuscript was made with Messrs. Bradbury and Evans for the publication of it, with no further knowledge on their part of its nature than could be gained in Mr. Thackeray during a brief interview, nothing beyond No. 1 was known.

Mr. Vizetelly also tells of Thackeray's visit to him, and his way to Bradbury and Evans's office, and what took place there.

In a little more than half an hour Thackeray again made his appearance, and, with a beaming face, gleefully informed me that he had settled the business. "Bradbury and Evans," he said, "accepted so readily that I am not sorry I didn't ask them for another tanner. I am certain they would have given it." He then explained that he had named fifty guineas per part, and that the two sheets of letterpress, a couple of etchings, and the initials at the commencement of the chapters. He reckoned the text, I remember, at no more than five-and-twenty shillings a page, the two etchings at six guineas each, and the initials for the few initials at the beginning of the chapters he threw those in.

Thackeray did an immense amount of work for *Punch* in the early days of its existence, but in 1850 a misunderstanding arose which caused his resignation. For many years there was doubt as to the cause of the disagreement, but it was cleared up by a letter, dated March 20, 1855, addressed to Mr. Evans, and which was printed in Mr. Spielmann's "History of *Punch*." The dispute appears to have been more or less political. The letter runs:—

I had some difference with the conduct of *Punch* about the abuse of Prince Albert and the Crystal Palace, at which I very nearly resigned. About abuse of Lord Palmerston, about abuse finally of L. Napoleon—in all of which *Punch* followed the *Times*, which I think and thought was writing unjustly at that time, and dangerously for the welfare and peace of the country. Coming from Edinburgh I bought a *Punch* containing the picture of a beggar in horse-lack, in which the Emperor was represented galloping to hell with a sword reeking with blood. As soon as ever I could, after my return (a day or two after) I went to Bouverie Street, saw you and gave in my resignation.

He left *Punch* more in sorrow than in anger. He continued to send contributions long after his resignation. To the last he would,

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from time to time, attend the weekly dinners, where a place was left for him. Thackeray died on December 24, 1863.

On the sad Christmas Eve "Ponny" Mayhew brought the fatal news to the jovial *Punch* party. "I'll tell you what we'll do," he said; "we'll sing the dear old boy's 'Mahogany Tree'; he'd like it." Accordingly they all stood up, and with such memory of the words as each possessed, and a catching of the breath here and there by about all of them, the song was sung.

Mr. Melville gives exhaustive accounts of Thackeray's lecturing tours. The novelist seems to have had great doubts as to the desirability of undertaking them, but for the sake of the large amount of money they would bring in (all of which, with the exception of the actual travelling expenses, was to be invested for the future use of his wife and family), he decided to pocket his pride and carry out the scheme.

Of the unpleasantness between Thackeray and Dickens, Mr. Melville has a good deal to say. It began with a quarrel between Yates, who had written a personal article about Thackeray, in which—there can be no two opinions about it—he displayed the worst possible taste, and Thackeray, who naturally resented the attack. Dickens supported Yates when it came to the question of the latter either apologising or ceasing to be a member of the *Garrick*. We must refer our readers to Mr. Melville's volumes for the end of the incident, but we may add that, before the death of Thackeray, the two great novelists made up their quarrel and became friends.

method of restoring people in danger of premature death—a subject of which much point is made. Presumably Miss *Punch*'s moral is that education will conquer nature—but then, having said that, Blake's nature was not of an every-day kind. So *Punch*'s character as his has been better imagined than described. The novel is interesting, especially when dealing with its hero's career.

"PUNCHINELLO"

There is much pathos in the self-portraiture of the deformed dwarf whose impassioned genius (he is a great genius) has obtained for him a responsive love in which his personal sensitiveness only finds food for all the torture of his life. Such is the general scheme of the tragedy which its author

New Novels

"SIR SERGEANT"

JAMES GRIER, hero of W. L. Watson's "Sir Sergeant: A Story of Adventures that Ensued upon 'The '45'" (Blackwood and Sons), is one of those middle-aged soldiers of fortune, Bayards in the rough, who have—together with heroines no longer in their first youth—gone so far as to supersede boys and girls in the affections of novel-writers. He is a very fine fellow—a finer fellow, even, than most of his class, who are usually better off for muscle than for brain. But, unlike them, it is not he who wins the hand of the Beautiful Lady. That he wins a good bit, perhaps the best bit, of Lady Christine's heart is by his pluck, his resourcefulness, and his unselfish fidelity, is pretty clear—too clear, we suspect, for the complete comfort of the highly honourable, but deeply uninteresting, gentleman who obtained the substance of the prize. A prize it was; for the author is to be congratulated without qualification upon his heroine. Somehow the thorough womanliness of Lady Christine is brought out all the more effectively by such accomplishments as a surprising skill with the small-sword, a capacity for playing, undetected, the part of a cavalier, and a positive delight in hardship and peril for their own sakes that startled an old soldier into admiration. The remaining characters are of a familiar pattern—the Jacobite gentleman who had lost all save honour; the quaint Scottish gentlewoman of the older world; the queer little cripple; the Whig officer who is a good fellow, and the other Whig officer who is an unmitigated villain and poltroon; the trimming provost; the foolish and conceited baillie; and so on, and so on. But they all play out a capital and never-flagging game, with plenty of plot and incident, and of pleasing damage to life and limb.

"BLAKE OF ORIEL"

Adeline Sergeant's "Blake of Oriel" (F. V. White and Co.), is a prize Board School boy who, proceeding with scholarships to the City of London School, and thence to Oxford, makes a name for himself as a leader of thought in undergraduate circles. As a first-rate actor, he contrives to conceal most evidences and other embarrassments of a humble origin; and not only these, but the fact that his main support is an ingenious system of swindling and larceny. He would probably have gone far, both socially and financially, had not his career been ruined by the turning up of his father, who involves him in his own vocation of burglary. Young Blake frees himself from this trouble by parricide, and from others by dying of *delirium tremens*—or, more accurately, at the hands of a doctor who could have saved his life, but thought him better out of the lives of other people. This doctor, by the way, has a special



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entitles "Punchinello" (James Bowden). But it becomes too merely painful to be properly called pathetic when the Maestro, having virtually murdered poor Nan, his wife, has to face the most unquestionable proof of her perfect innocence and unalterable affection, and is thenceforth left to the utmost misery of an artistic glory coming to him unsought and with the poison of remorse at its core. To speak of reading such a story, either with or for pleasure, would be absurd. But its morbid conditions are convincingly imagined, and if they be cruel, they are cruel with power.

"THE EXPERIENCES OF DOROTHY LEIGH"

The lady hospital nurse, who seems to have been dropping of late out of fiction, resumes something more than her former position in the person of Miss Dorothy Leigh, whose "experiences" in a county hospital are related by Frances Home (George Routledge and Sons). These will doubtless be recognised by many of the sisterhood as sufficiently accurate pictures of the ordinary course of things in such institutions—we will not even go so far as to find anything very extraordinary in the marriage of a pretty and capable nurse to a "R.S.O.," which stands, not for "Railway Station Officer," but for Resident Surgical Officer. The couple, after they have become a married one, make themselves the successful good angels of an ex-dresser, who had taken to drink and to matrimony beneath his station. In this respect the story may be classed among the temperance novels that seem to be issuing just now in unprecedented profusion. The ex-dresser's conversion is largely due to finding even his little girl—who has learned to look on his behaviour under drink as an amusing excitement—nearly dead from whiskey in the company of her intoxicated mother: and the incident will be found more touching than might be supposed. The novel is well written, well meant, and something better.

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Rural Notes

THE SEASON

DESPITE the somewhat frequent showers of the last week the land is in a very dry state as a rule, and the plough has to be chilled steel and well driven that makes a furrow therein. In fact ploughing under these conditions is a mistake, and though the season is late it is better to put off the work until the land is a little more kindly. The farmer is busy with threshing, and plenty of good new barley is coming to market. The price obtained is not unsatisfactory. In the garden there is now plenty of sweeping up the fallen leaves, for the drought has told upon the big trees as well as upon the shrubs, and the leaves began to fall before September was much more than half over. Semi-hardy plants should now be protected by a covering of the fallen leaves, over which earth should be sprinkled and then wetted. Such a cover will keep out all ordinary frosts, and plants ranked as absolutely delicate may be left out, if in addition to the leaf shelter a little horse dung be added and the whole covered with a rough matting of straw. The turnip crop is almost sure to be a very light one, but mangolds are likely to be much more satisfactory, and we have seen some very good fields of swedes. The health of the flocks is not so good as it should be. The reason is obscure, but there have been many deaths among the lambs born from February to April. There was little mortality before the end of August, but since the autumn set in various complaints of the liver have wrought much havoc. Cows are now yielding much more milk than a month ago.

THE PIG

We do not associate America in any very special way with pig

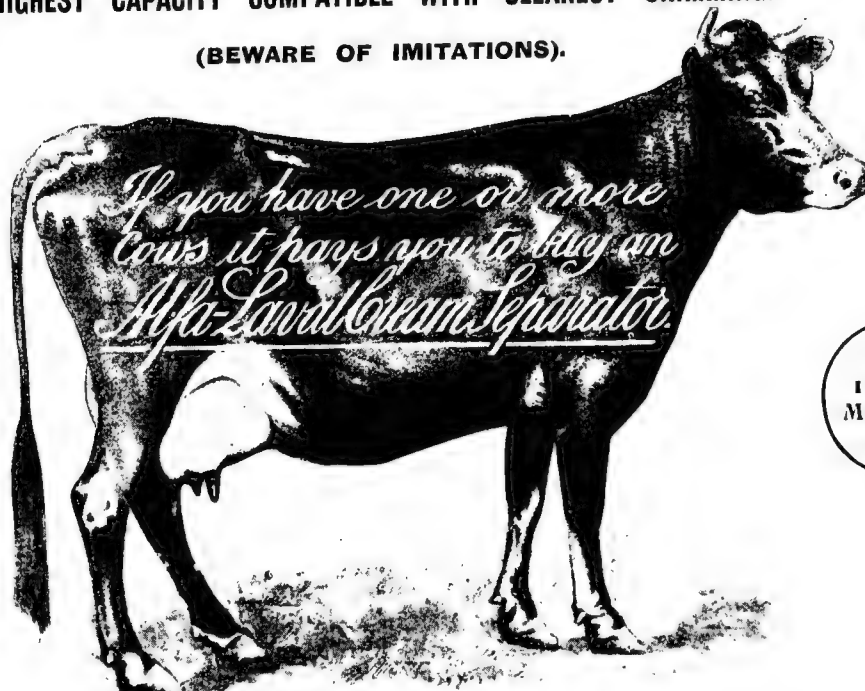
breeding, and the fact that the United States produces more pigs than any other country principally argues economy in rearing and a due appreciation of the value of these animals. In Great Britain and Ireland only 3,891,000 pigs are reared, and the poorer classes are most notably fond of pork, and the price of white pork were procurable at a low price the demand would be greatly increased. The idea that the pig is a dirty animal is responsible for something, but the cattle of the country are equally dirty if equally dirtily kept. The Germans, Hungarians, and the French all keep many more pigs than we do, and much waste is prevented by their system, which amounts to having at least a few swine on every farm. The pig is another advantage not generally considered, namely, that the animals are manageable by quite young boys, and that they will live on mixed diet, almost, indeed, on scraps. The pig is no animal responds more quickly in the quality of its general growth to a delicate and liberal dietary, and it keeps more pigs has been given before, but recent years have shown the necessity of repeating the counsel. English farmers cannot afford to neglect the humbler methods of making a profit.

SKILFUL IMITATIONS

The display of various "foods" at the big fair shows, organised by different trades, is very instructive to the public. An agricultural journal records a fancy farinaceous preparation which "made all from English wheat," while, on the same stand, the ingredients, which were separately displayed, included wheat from Manitoba. Imitation butter in every possible form was prepared for, and, since the Government refused to introduce the Chamber

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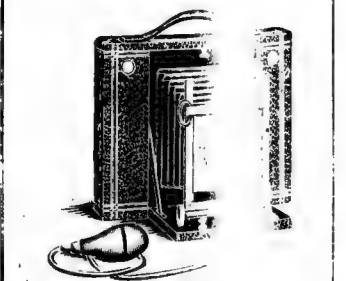
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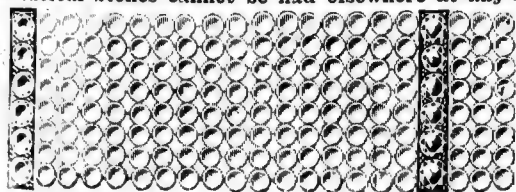
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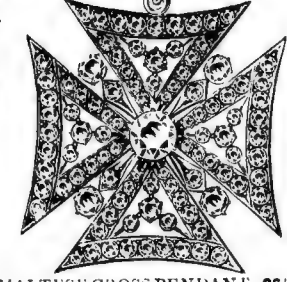
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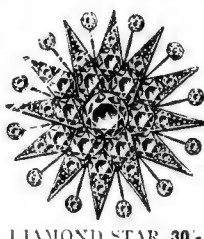
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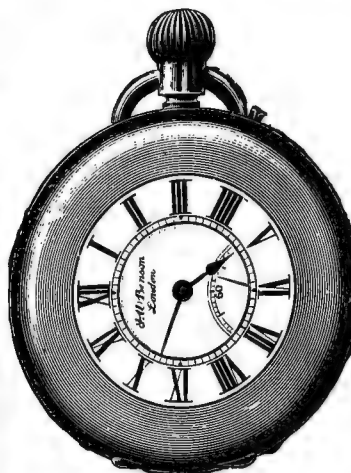
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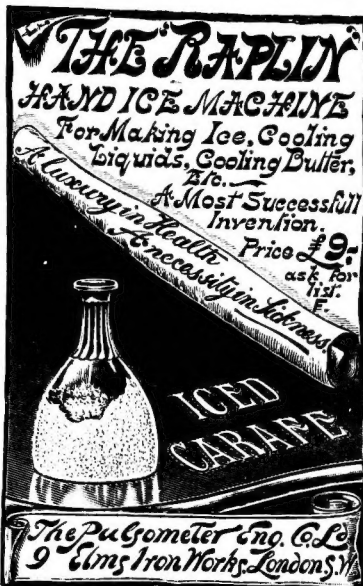
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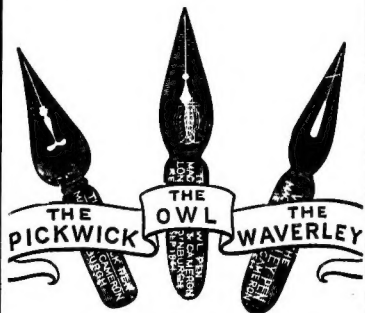
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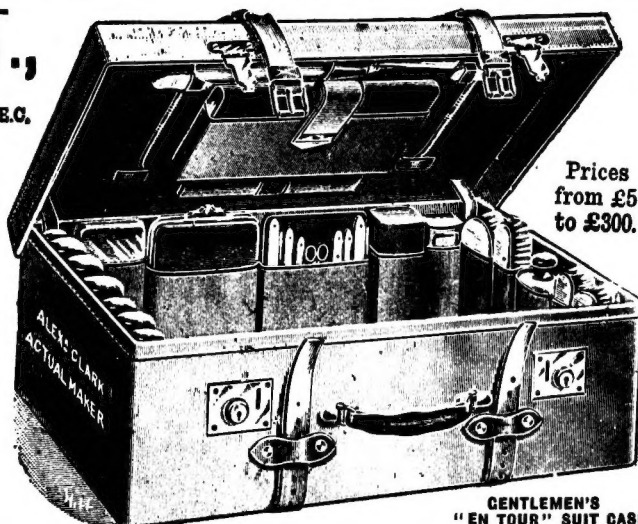
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